HARPER'S WEEKLY.
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

Vol. III.—No. 122.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, APRIL 30, 1859. [Price Five Cents.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1859, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

A NEW TALE by DICKENS.

In addition to Mr. Curtis's beautiful Story, now in course of publication in this paper, we have great pleasure in announcing that we have made arrangements with Mr. Charles Dickens for the early sheets of his new Serial, entitled

A TALE OF TWO CITIES,

which will be commenced in the next Number of Harper's Weekly, and continued from week to week until completed.

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THE LATE CHANCELLOR BIBB.

By the recent death of Chancellor Bibb, at Georgetown, District of Columbia, the national Capitol has been deprived of its last representative of the "gentleman of the Old School." As the names of these patrician fathers have been stricken from the record of the living, their courtly manners and habiliments have also disappeared; nor can we now find a queue wagging over the back of a curule chair in the Capitol, or see a legislator arrayed in that gentlemanlike garb which Colonel Trumbull so delighted to portray. Chancellor Bibb alone remained faithful to the end, refusing to incase his lower limbs in pantaloons; and he was thus one of the features of Washington—"the last of the small-clothes" in that metropolis where there are so many small statesmen. Yet, as was well said of his prototype, Chief-Justice Marshall, what would have been ludicrous in another became in him more than respectable: it absolutely attracted your reverence. Unsightly as were those rusty and snuff-begrimed "tights," they yet became, when worn by the Chancellor, a kind of ornament, and made the metropolitans prize him the more, as we do antique coins and pictures for the rust and smoke that deface them, or a bottle of generous old wine for the dust and cobwebs that cover it. Alas, that he "is dead! That good old man; we ne'er shall see him more!"

Chancellor Bibb was born—and very proud was he of his birth-place—in that Old Dominion which is the mother of presidents, and of statesmen, and of orators; and which was, when he first saw the light, some eighty-seven years ago, a colony of Great Britain. He grew up with American Independence. His earliest recollections were of the revolutionary struggle—of statesmen standing high on the roll of fame, soldiers immortalized by the fire of battle, and matrons who encouraged their husbands and their sons to defend those glorious principles for the support of which the delegates of the colonies had pledged "their lives, their fortunes, and their sacred honor." Prepared for college in the midst of the stirring scenes which attended the launching of our ship of State, he entered at Nassau Hall, Princeton, in 1789. The President of that venerable seat of learning at that time was the Rev. Dr. Witherspoon (a lineal descendant of John Knox), and a bold champion of Independence. Young Bibb enjoyed his especial favor, and stood well in the class, which, when it graduated in 1792, was thirty-seven strong.

Following the example of many Virginians who had gone Westward after the war, Mr. Bibb emigrated to Kentucky, where the "dark and bloody ground," stained with the marks of savage cruelty, was occupied by a daring, untrammeled race of hunter-pioneers, "fit to stand by Nimrod and give direction." Commencing the practice of law, he soon acquired a professional reputation; and in January, 1808, was appointed a Judge of the Court of Appeals—a tribunal which has borne since its establishment a high reputation, its reports having been quoted by the leading jurists of the country as recognized authority time and again. This court then consisted of a Chief-Justice and two Judges; and in May, 1809, Judge Bibb was promoted to the Chief-Justiceship.

Elected a Senator from Kentucky, he took his seat in the United States Senate on the 4th of March, 1811, and was identified with the advocates of the war which broke the spell of Britannia's naval supremacy. He voted for the imposition of direct taxes; advocated the annexation of East Florida, and the enlargement of our territory toward the Southwest; opposed the bounties granted to fishermen (now a subject of Congressional discussion); and was a decided antagonist of the New England Federalists. After the adjournment in April, 1814 (followed, not long afterward, by the destruction of the Capitol by the British), he resigned, and again devoted himself to the practice of law.

In 1820, the people of Kentucky having become deeply involved in debt, Governor Adair recommended and succeeded in chartering the "Bank of the Commonwealth," which was not forced to redeem its notes in specie, although they were made legal tender. A bitter political contest ensued; and when the High Appellate Court decided against this "relief" measure a new court was instituted, of which Francis Blair (afterward editor of the Washington *Globe*) was clerk. The rallying cries then were "New Court" and "Old Court;" and after an animated legal and legislative struggle, the "Old Court" was reinstated in authority. The victors, however, were soon deprived of their triumph by the appointment of Judge Bibb—who had been a "relief" man—as Chief-Justice, which position he retained until the fall of 1828.

On the 4th of March, 1829, Judge Bibb, having been elected again a Senator from Kentucky, took his seat in the Senate of the United States, then in its palmy days. Around him (during this his second Senatorial career, which ended in 1835) were Clay, and Webster, and Calhoun—that glorious triumvirate—with Benton, Clayton, Hayne, Livingston, Troup, Tyler, White, Woodbury, and others, most of whom have preceded him to the far-off region. Alas! that, in looking back to those days, we are forced to admit that "Atlas has gone to the Hesperides, and there's nothing left to uphold the sky; Ulysses has gone upon his weary wanderings, and there's no one left who can bend his mighty bow."

In 1830 the Senate went into solemn session as a "High Court of Impeachment," and Mr. James Buchanan, with another Representative, appeared before it as "Managers" appointed by the House to prefer an indictment against Judge Peck. Judge Bibb voted with the majority for his acquittal: indeed he was a faithful Democrat, sustaining General Jackson in all of his measures, and occasionally advocating or defending them, especially when any law-point was involved. In 1832 he warmly supported a resolution for the celebration of the centennial anniversary of Washington's birthday by Congress, and expressed a patriotic desire to have the mortal remains of the *Pater Patriæ* brought from neglected Mount Vernon to repose beneath the rotunda of the Capitol, where a crypt had been prepared for their reception. Virginia, however, refused to yield the ashes of her noblest son, which, *Dieu Merci*, are soon to be placed in the custody of the women of America.

It was near the close of his Senatorial career that Judge Bibb openly avowed himself a disciple of Izaak Walton; indeed his reputation as the most patient and unsuccessful angler in the District was already well established. A bill was before the Senate regulating Executive patronage, and it had been insinuated by the opponents of the Administration that some of the Senators whose terms of office were about to expire would be recipients of Presidential favors. "I deny this," said the Judge, at the conclusion of his speech, "so far as I am concerned. I have no personal object in view. I have no ambition. For myself, I prefer to sit with my rod and line on the banks of a pellucid stream, enjoying the pleasures of calmness and contemplation, to any objects that my ambition could achieve." What a glorious piscatorial sentiment! Let each reader of *Harper's Weekly* who owns Major's edition of Izaak Walton, with Irving's quaint preface, add to it as a foot-note this Senatorial testimony to the poetry of angling!

Returning again to Kentucky, Judge Bibb was called upon to fill several trust-worthy public stations; and at last became Chancellor of the State. Worthy and well qualified was he to fill

THE LATE CHANCELLOR BIBB.—[From a Photograph by Brady.]

the position; but he was recalled to the Federal metropolis, in 1844, by his old Senatorial colleague, John Tyler, who had become President, and who appointed him Secretary of the Treasury. The Ex-President has already paid eloquent tribute to the memories of his deceased Cabinet officers, and it is to be hoped that he will also embalm the virtues and the learning of Chancellor Bibb.

Vacating the Treasury Department on the incoming of President Polk, Chancellor Bibb commenced the practice of law in the courts of the District of Columbia. He was well read, especially in the old Common Law and in Federal jurisprudence, having the Acts of Congress at his fingers'-ends; yet he was not a "successful practitioner," in the modern acceptation of the term—not only able to surpass his opponents in the art of reasoning right from right principles, but equally an adept in reasoning right from wrong principles, and wrong from right ones. No one ever saw the Chancellor rise, in his courteous manner, to demonstrate with all imaginable gravity that nonsense is replete with meaning, and that the clearest meaning is manifestly nonsense by construction. Respecting "the Court," he never sought to entangle "his Honor" in a net of sophistry; and if his arguments were at times slightly prosy, he never endeavored to enliven them with *double entendres*, or sought to intimidate opposing counsel by language unbecoming a gentleman.

When, in 1850, Mr. Crittenden became Attorney-General in the Administration of President Fillmore, he appointed his old Kentucky friend, the Chancellor, chief clerk in his Department—the office of Assistant Attorney-General is of recent creation. General Cushing, who was appointed to succeed Mr. Crittenden by President Pierce, and who established (if the term may be used) the Attorney-General's Department on a proper basis, retained the Chancellor until 1854 or '55, when the old gentleman was tempted to resign, having received a large fee as one of the counsel in Frémont's Mariposa case. To him this fee seemed a fortune; but it "took wings," and he was forced to resume the practice of law. Of late his office has been in Georgetown, his family residing on a farm near Rockville, Maryland.

Whatever were his fortunes or his wants, the Chancellor always found delight in "casting a line;" and by his practice fully indorsed the opinion of Sir Henry Wotton, that angling was "a rest to his mind, a cheerer of his spirits, a diverter of sadness, and a procurer of contentedness." Many are the good stories told of his piscatorial exploits, and he used to enjoy hearing them himself, albeit he would sometimes indorse them rather more emphatically than piously. It was a way he had of expressing himself, not a vice. Here is one of these tales:

On one warm afternoon the officer in command at the Washington Arsenal observed the Chancellor sitting on a broken-down wharf, hour after hour, intently watching his float. At last he strolled down from the quarters to inquire "What luck?"

"None!" replied the Chancellor. "I thought I had some bites two or three hours ago, but there is not a fish hereabouts now apparently," etc., etc.

"What is your bait?" asked the son of Mars.

"A plump young frog, hooked through the fleshy part of his leg," etc., etc.

Scarcely had he finished this reply when the questioner roared with laughter, actually rolling on the grass, and unable to disclose the cause of his merriment. At last he pointed to a log which was partly out of water, and there the Chancellor saw *his bait!*—Froggy having got tired of swimming about, and jumped up on the log to see what the biped at the other end of the line and pole was doing! (For further particulars, inquire at the Arsenal.)

The personal appearance of Chancellor Bibb, aside from his costume, was remarkable; and his great physical vigor of constitution was shown in his erect carriage and firm step after he had become an octogenarian. He was rather above the middle size; and his frame, like his mind, was compact and well knit together. His whole demeanor and appearance proclaimed that he was *a gentleman*, high-toned and courteous; able, yet retiring; a firm friend, a kind husband (he was married thrice), and an affectionate parent. The freedom and the frankness with young people was especially remarkable and pleasing.

The Chancellor never gave up his broad-brimmed hat, his fine linen, his long waistcoat, his small-clothes, his black silk hose, his silver shoe-buckles, or his snuff-box. Like Henry Clay, he was a lover of the fragrant titilating nose-powder, and right graciously did he dispense it on every hand. Even the boys would often stop him in the streets with, "Give us a pinch of snuff, please?" and the Chancellor, with an air that would have been admired at the court of Louis Quatorze, would at once tender the snuff-box. The fingers that have entered that same snuff-box have done this country good service with the pen and with the sword. Many a time has it been passed around the Senate and the Supreme Court, nor was it ever refused by President or foreign diplomatist, or by those who make metropolitan reputations—"Our own Correspondents." To this latter class the well-stored mind of the Chancellor was a reservoir of political history, never dry, ever ready to supply them.

When the Chancellor was Secretary of the Treasury he was one day importuned by the landlord of a poor clerk, who wished to secure his monthly salary until all arrearages of rent were paid.

"Why has he not paid you?" inquired the Chancellor.

"His family have been sick, Mr. Secretary; and he only has a thousand dollars a year, any how."

"Sir!" exclaimed the Chancellor, "do you take me, the Secretary of the Treasury, for a miserable constable? No, Sir! I never descend to the collection of debts, which is an outrageous custom, although legal! Good-day, Sir!"

The abashed creditor withdrew, and the clerk was next day promoted to a more lucrative place.

But a few days since the Chancellor was attacked with pneumonia, and his attenuated thread of life was suddenly snapped. He was buried in Oak Hill Cemetery, a picturesque spot on the bank of Rock Creek, in which he had so often fished. Resolutions were passed in the courts in honor of his memory, and a large concourse of mourners, including President Buchanan and many high officials, followed his remains from his late residence to his grave—the first stage of

> ——"the innumerable caravan, that move
> To that mysterious realm where each
> Must take his chamber in the silent halls of death."

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, APRIL 30, 1859.

COMMERCIAL MEMORANDA.

THE imports of foreign merchandise and dry goods at this port since January 1 amount to over $70,000,000; against which we have exported less than $18,000,000 of foreign and domestic produce and merchandise, and nearly $12,000,000 of specie. New York, as is known, receives two-thirds of the total foreign importations of the United States, and exports one-third of our total export. To bring the accounts of the port to the usual average, therefore, our exports to date should have been $35,000,000 instead of $30,000,000.

The deficiency is due to the failure of the Western crops last year. At this season we are usually shippers of grain and flour. Not a barrel of flour nor a bushel of wheat is now being sent from New York to Europe. Nor is it likely that any grain will be shipped until the fall unless the foreign crops should fail. At present prices every shipment of breadstuffs insures a loss to the shipper.

On the other hand, while the failure of our Western grain crop and the low price of breadstuffs abroad prevent shipments of one of our great staples, our other staple—cotton—is doing better for the country than ever known before. We shall ship three millions of bales of the crop of 1858, which, at the present high rates, will yield a return fully one cent a pound higher than any previous crop. But for this fortunate circumstance the country would have been drained of gold to pay for the imports.

If, last fall, the Western crop had fulfilled the hopes entertained last spring, the United States would have been richer now than ever before, and people would not have believed that a revulsion could have occurred only eighteen months ago. So much depends on the great resources of a country; so little on the fluctuations of commerce, and casualties among the trading community.

If, next fall, both cotton and corn crops succeed, the United States will be richer and more prosperous in 1860 than ever before. The West will rise stronger than ever out of its sackcloth and ashes—sounder, wiser, and all the better in every way for the forced economies and the compulsory liquidation of 1858 and 1859. The whole country will thrill with life, energy, industry, and prosperity.

A very important element in the future is the movement and production of the precious metals. For three or four years the crop of gold in California and Australia has not varied. There is reason to believe that the combination of science and practical experience will, at least in California, largely increase the product of gold hereafter. Such is the opinion of the best-informed writers at San Francisco. New gold fields, too, are being opened. Gloomy as has been the experience of miners at Frazer's River, there is no doubt but some gold will come from thence this season. A small product may also be expected from Pike's Peak and Arizona.

Some eminent publicists are writing books to show that the demand for the precious metals is going to decline. This is the natural effect of commerce. Commerce being naturally a system of exchanges, the more general the commercial spirit becomes the less demand there will be for the precious metals as representatives of values. People will take the values themselves. Instead of gold and silver, they will take manufactures and merchandise. For some years the great consumers of gold and silver have been India and China. These nations consumed little foreign merchandise, and exported largely their own produce; the balance was paid them in specie. Now, it is believed, both India and China are going to increase their consumption of foreign wares and produce. Lord Elgin reports that British and American manufactures may be placed to advantage in many of the large interior cities of China. India, to which, in the long run, the late war will prove to have been a god-send, finds itself under a better government than that of the Company, with improved roads, better tenures, and more encouragement for enterprise. She will buy all the more cottons and hardware, and want all the less gold.

These considerations are very important; for if the drain of specie for the East were checked, a surprising impetus would be given to speculation in those countries where bank expansions are regulated by the amount of specie the banks contain.

For the present, however, the most important topic for the merchant to consider is the danger of over-importations this fall. We do not think the spring import too large, considering the wealth of the South, and the insignificant amount of foreign goods taken last year. Nor do we regard the bank expansion as excessive, though it is the largest ever reached. But if the fall importations are as large as those of the spring the merchants will run a great risk. Every fall, when the country banks require their balances, there is some activity in the money market here. Should the importations be very considerable this fall that activity might come upon the community so suddenly as to create a panic, and sound houses might, in a sudden bank contraction, be compelled to suspend. It will not do for the merchants to trust to the banks. The banks do not always know enough to take care of themselves. Much less can they be trusted with the charge of the mercantile community.

OUGHT A WOMAN TO BE HANGED?

On the day on which this paper will be published, Mary Hartung, the murderess, is to be hanged, if the sentence of the law is carried into effect. The question whether that sentence shall, or shall not, be executed has given rise to much controversy.

A number of highly respectable gentlemen, aided by some influential presses, have urged the Governor to commute her sentence. Both branches of the State Legislature recommend the same thing. Some of these persons appear to object to capital punishment altogether; their arguments would apply with equal force to any male assassin as to Mary Hartung. Others—and these deserve most attention—argue that Mary Hartung should not be hanged, not because they object to hanging, but because she is a woman. They assume that women enjoy an immunity from capital punishment in virtue of their sex. If, they say, it is deemed unmanly and cowardly to strike a woman, it would be savage and brutal to hang one.

On the other hand, Governor Morgan has set forth, with great clearness and decision, in a letter which we have published, his opinion that, as the law makes no distinction in favor of women, he can make none, and that he can not righteously commute Mary Hartung's sentence. It is always an ungracious office to sue for blood, and therefore the presses which concur with the Governor have said less on the subject than those which differ from him. But several influential journals have very distinctly expressed the view that, if hanging is to continue in this State, no one deserves that fate more than a wretched adulterous woman, who deliberately and fiendishly poisoned her trusting husband.

We confess that we can see grave dangers to be apprehended from the adoption of any other doctrine. If, after such undeniable evidence of her guilt, and of the atrocious character and circumstances of her crime, Mary Hartung be not hanged, then, of course, no female will ever again be hanged in this State. Yet, so long as women can commit murder, they should be liable to the penalty which the law affixes to that crime: if that penalty be repugnant to the public feeling in the case of a woman, it is not right to inflict it on a man either. When a dead man's corpse cries aloud for vengeance, it is no time to talk of gallantry or respect to sex. Murderers are of no sex.

If the doctrine be established that a woman can not be executed, it is clear that all the cold-blooded, calculating murders will hereafter be committed by women. Every ruffian can command the services of some woman; he will not risk his neck when he can attain his end with no greater risk than a few years' imprisonment for her. The recent case of the negro girl who tried to kill her mother with an axe, at the bidding of her lover, will become a standard precedent.

It is a very painful fact—but it is an undoubted fact—that there are as many bad women in the world as bad men. Statistics tell us that as many females are lodged in State prisons and penitentiaries as males. Sometimes there are more, sometimes less; but, on the whole, the average is about the same of both sexes. Fewer women fall to wickedness than men; but many men reform, women hardly ever. So the balance between the sexes is maintained. And though there are crimes which are exclusively the province of males, it is an unquestionable fact that two of the heaviest crimes in the calendar—murder and arson—are as often committed by one sex as the other. From the days of Clytemnestra and Jezebel to those of Mrs. Manning and Mary Hartung, women have fairly contended with men for supremacy in the hardness of heart, the steeled nerves, and the wicked soul which lead to murder. Equals in guilt, shall they not suffer the like penalty?

There is a dreadful story—a terrible tale of blood unavenged—which yet rings in the ears of every citizen of New York; a tale of a savage, brutal, fiendish murder, committed on a full-grown, wide-awake man, by—who doubts it?—a woman. Had she been convicted, would it have been wrong to have hanged her?

EXPENSIVE NEGOTIATIONS.

THE United States have been at peace for the past ten or eleven years; but so far as money is concerned, for the past year or two they might just as well have been at war. For the money spent on the two expeditions which have been the chief exploits of Mr. Buchanan's administration—we mean of course the Utah and the Paraguay expeditions—a very respectable foreign war might have been carried on.

It is very difficult to estimate in dollars the cost of these two great military movements. They must have cost a great many millions; and this at a time when the Government revenue is insufficient to defray its ordinary expenses.

If indeed they had achieved great ends for the public advantage the outlay might be excused. But when we come to examine their net results, how little the country has gained by either!

At latest advices from Utah the Mormons were unsubdued and impenitent. There is no symptom of yielding either among the leaders or among the people. On the contrary, the Mormons seem more warmly attached than ever to their peculiar institution; and as to submission, they have appealed from the Administration to Congress in a tone which almost amounts to a menace. The administration of justice by the Federal judge is a farce; no Gentile in Utah seems to entertain the faintest hope that polygamy can be punished or repressed. The prospect is, that the moment the troops are removed the Territory of Deseret will relapse into its former condition of rebellion and hierarchical profligacy. Our great expedition, which cost such enormous sums of money, has not even brought Brigham Young to trial; it has not even tried to strike terror into the rebels. One is puzzled to discover any one substantial benefit which the Utah expedition has conferred on the country.

As to the Paraguay expedition, that has been still more inglorious. We have now official information that a treaty has been concluded which protects Lopez from our fleets. Our commissioner, Mr. Bowlin, who is old enough to have known better, has taken Lopez's word for indemnities to the family of the man who was killed on board the *Water Witch* and to the trading company, and has further been satisfied with Lopez's promise that Captain Page would not be molested in future. Now, if Commissioner Bowlin was justified in making peace on these conditions, it was preposterous to fit out such an expedition for such an object. And if the expedition was called for—as we believe it was—it was absurd of Bowlin to be satisfied with so little. We had the word and the promise of Lopez before, and we know how he kept them. Why should he be more scrupulous hereafter?

These two expeditions will shed any thing but lustre on Mr. Buchanan's administration.

WAR OR PEACE IN EUROPE?

IT seems generally understood by the press and people of the United States that there is going to be war in Europe for the settlement of the Italian question.

A few weeks ago, when it was first announced that Russia, England, and France had resolved upon a Congress of Nations, it was at once perceived that Austria would be compelled to come in, and it was naturally inferred that peace would be preserved. Now, on the strength of reports of renewed military preparations in France and Austria, it is again asserted that war is inevitable, and that the month of May will not elapse before cannon are fired on the Ticino.

No one seems to reflect that the least flagging in preparations for war either on the part of Austria or on that of France would place the nation which flagged in a very weak position at the Congress. If Austria, for instance, should proceed to disband troops, or even suspend the gathering of levies or the forwarding of the supplies which would be necessary in the event of war in the Milanese, she would expose herself to be told by the French envoy at the Congress that, if she did not agree to the French ultimatum, in twenty-four hours the Piedmontese would cross the Ticino, and in forty-eight a French army would be half-way to Milan. In like manner, if either France or Piedmont were now to relax their measures of preparation, Austria would naturally say to them at the Congress: "These are my terms; if you don't accept them by noon to-morrow, before nightfall we shall cross the Ticino, and by next afternoon we shall occupy Novara." These threats could easily be accomplished in these days of telegraphs and railways. Both France and Austria are bound, until the Congress adjourns, to play the game of bluff with each other; to keep on appearing to disbelieve in peace, and to be really prepared for any event.

We do not believe in war. We think that the interests in Europe, which would be jeoparded or destroyed by a war, are too momentous to be risked for the sake either of Italian independence or of Austrian dominion. Rather than have a war, we believe that Austria would

give up the Milanese, or, on the other hand, that France would sacrifice Piedmont. The most likely result will be a compromise, which will secure a part of Napoleon's aim, without too thoroughly humiliating Austria—some such arrangement as the establishment of a constitutional government in Northern Italy under a limited Austrian protectorate. It is dangerous to predict the maintenance of peace in presence of large armies eager for fighting; but a European war at the present time would do so much harm and so little good—except to our Western grain-growers—that we can not conceive that the European statesmen could commit such a blunder.

THE DECLINE IN IMMIGRATION.

It is well known that within the past year or two the foreign immigration to this country has fallen off to one-third its former figure. There has been in the papers a good deal of speculation on the causes and effects of the phenomenon.

It was the fashion, in the days when Know-Nothingism flourished, to charge it with having checked immigration. There was no solid ground for the charge. Emigration from Germany and Ireland declined simply because it had been excessive: when those countries were depleted a healthy demand for labor sprang up, which afforded a fair livelihood to the people who had staid at home. Native Americanism had nothing to do with the matter.

We see some papers arguing that the United States are ruined because emigration from Europe has stopped, and no more raw labor is coming to till the West. This is all wrong. The decline of emigration insures its revival by-and-by, just as its excess insured its decline. England, France, Germany, Ireland, and Scotland, are all overpopulated; and even if the United States held out to the emigrant no advantages over these countries, there would still be a steady stream of emigrants to our shores, because in Europe population increases faster than employment. Taking Ireland as an example, it is abundantly proven that, so long as the potato yields an average crop, the population will increase far beyond the capacity of the island to support it. It is the same with Germany. The people are prolific, and have not elbow-room at home.

Even independently of this law, it is clear that European emigration to the United States must continue so long as we have fertile unoccupied lands to offer the immigrant. No country in Europe offers such a future to a young man as our Western States. Common industry, even without average intelligence, secures a competency for any steady man in the West. We say nothing of political advantages, though, with the best class of emigrants, these may be assumed to weigh something. But the material superiority of our Western States, as a home, over every European country is so obvious and palpable that it is unreasonable to expect the Europeans to cease coming here.

THE LOUNGER.

TO PHILOSOPHERS, MORALISTS, NOVELISTS, AND POETS.

The Lounger wishes respectfully to say to all authors who kindly send their favors to the *Weekly*—and his word has the editorial sanction—that it is not always possible to return MSS., even when the author requests it, and especially in the case of brief copies of verse. With the best intention in the world to do every thing that every correspondent desires, the MSS. *will* lose themselves often, will recklessly stray in the most hopeless manner, and faithful search only fails to find them.

The Editor can not hold himself responsible for every little MS. that may be reclaimed by the author.

AT THE ACADEMY.

The National Academy has hung up its pictures, and invited the public to come and admire. Its rooms, to be sure, are not very spacious or convenient. The halls are a series of rather large pantries, terminating in an unexpected dark passage—*à la* Mrs. Radcliffe—through which the enchanted visitor emerges into the grand hall of the staircase, and begins *da capo*.

But who has the heart to quarrel with the kind intention and bountiful repast? The moment a visitor lands at the top of that final staircase and finds himself in the midst of the brilliant scene, surely his first emotion is one of wonder and delight at the ceaseless industry of the painters.

Only a few months ago and these very walls were bright with the same colors, only in other combinations. Here was a great Swiss landscape—there an exquisite Newport sunset—yonder the Cordilleras.

These things are changed. Pictures pass away, but picture survives from year to year. There are visitors whose heads are not yet snowy, who recall the old Clinton Hall, in Beekman Street, opposite the old Brick Church. There was a hotel there, too. Peradventure the wearied student of art may have refreshed his courage at the hotel! Hall, hotel, and old Brick Church are gone now. It must be two years ago that the last vestige disappeared! Two years!—in our civic history it is a century.

Pardon a doating Lounger these reminiscences of antiquity, and look with him at these pretty pictures.

There are more than ever before. The rooms, indeed, seem no fuller than last year, but the figures are too strong for us. There are more than eight hundred pictures! Think, for a moment, how much more there is in every one of them than appears! Think of the eager hope, ambition, secret intoxication of conceit—of the patience, faith, industry—of the cheerfulness, kindness, sympathy—of the dark winter hours, of the long summer days—of the love and grief, the happiness and doubt—which are worked into these silent pieces of canvas! "*No.* —, *Sunset at Cape Horn.*" Horrid daub! Yes; but the painter put into it despair.

Why should charity be left with the umbrella in the hands of Mrs. Croker's assistants at the door? She has enough, doubtless, for her purposes in her own heart. When the annual April that brings color to the trees brings it also to these walls, and the patron of American art hastens to see the pictures and say his good things, he ought to be admonished by that familiar face at the door. He ought to remember that he is going among friends, and that he is to look as a friend, to think as a friend, and to speak as a friend. Only when he becomes an editor may he put away friendly things.

There *was* a time—oh me! the Lounger smarts with the reminiscence—when he too was a critic! A time when he marked catalogues, when he was severe upon reds, sarcastic upon greens, cool upon blues, learned upon aerial perspectives, middle-distances, half-lights, and universal woolliness! A time when he considered that the knife, in the guise of a steel pen, had been providentially committed to his hands to lay bare the absurdities of Blank N. A., and to dissect firmly the deformity of Dash A. for the benefit of a sympathetic public, which holds to a slashing practice in critical surgery! A time when circumstances seemed to indicate him as the messenger to inform Dob N. A. in the public papers that he was not Titian, and Slob A. that he was not Claude.

Gone are those days! Carefully washed away the resulting gore of that savage system! No longer looking to see what they are not, the Lounger is glad to see what pictures are. Knowing that at the State fair only one pumpkin can be adjudged the largest, he does not therefore frown upon the pies derived from pumpkins of a lesser bulk. Why should he sneer at Dob because he remembers Titian at Venice—one Titian in history! Why should he flout at Slob because he recalls Claude shedding eternal summer upon the Doria walls in Rome! Have not all of us who have been there in May gathered roses, classic roses, at Pestum? Shall we the less fondly pluck those in our own gardens that are now only waiting for June?

The critic's is a more dreadful trade, surely, than the samphire-gatherer's. There are people who go to the opera to hear false notes—actually to find flaws! It is as if a man should go out in one of these softest spring days to see if he could not possibly feel a touch of the east wind. "Have you been to Italy? There are fleas there, are there not? and filth? and tough chickens?" says the critic. "What on earth should a man go to Italy for?"

Let us understand, then, that we have not come to the Academy for the filth or the fleas. Let us wander about and look at these pleasant pictures and recall the lovely scenes they represent—or the lovely people, if that shall chance. And if we encounter some that are not pleasant, nor lovely, nor of good report, why pause and pish! and waste our precious hours in impotent impatience with imbecility? Do you feel yourself called upon to read all the dull books that are published? In the name of Justice, is not a man sufficiently punished by having written himself down an ass in two or more volumes, but you must stop and point your finger at a poor wretch who is goose-fleshed all over with the chill consciousness of his own shortcomings? Grant that Smudge's portraits are the most ludicrously absurd perpetrations in the history of spoiled canvas, is not the wretched Smudge to be pilloried on these walls for the next two months? Is not the whole town coming to witness his shame? Are not he and all his family and friends doomed to hear the "look there"s, and the ferocious fun of all the visitors, for eight or nine weeks to come?

St. Sebastien was nothing to Smudge. The worst case of that martyr in any picture in Europe does not stick him with more than six arrows. Poor St. Smudge will be utterly riddled before the end of May. It is a wretched pun, but he will be quite holy enough to be called Saint by the time "June's roses blow."

One thing has now become evident—that we can not mention a single picture to-day. We have walked, chatting, down this column, as if it had been that dark corridor at the Academy, and we may as well say *au revoir* next week—so straight on, down the stairs, reclaim our umbrellas of Mrs. Croker's assistants, and depart into the spring sunshine to study the living pictures on Broadway.

MAY-DAYS.

The time of the opening of mouths has come, and the voice of the orator will soon be heard in the hall. Perhaps Spurgeon himself may come, after all. It having been stated to him carefully that he shall not be made a speculation, perhaps he will come to see if he can speculate himself.

Fairly, of course, and honestly. Speculate, we mean, only to raise money to build his new church. That is what he has been doing in England; and in Scotland too, but with less success.

View them how we will, we can not fail to see what an immense homage to human nature is paid by the fact of these multitudinous anniversaries. The societies may be designed to shed light into dark places and darker minds; but it is still man, still human sympathy, that inspires them. They may be managed by treacherous or timid or incompetent men—they may be the most magnificently garnished mantles of meanness, cant, and hypocrisy—but, for all that, they are not less, in their fundamental ideas, honest human plans to help humanity. Mistaken, often enough, in details of conception and arrangement, they are always noble and sweet in the benignity of their objects. Malignant, too often, in the sectarian declamation of their anniversaries, they indicate a purpose which transcends sects and rests upon a feeling which is below bigotry.

Dr. Primrose, of course, will come up to the anniversaries, bringing Mrs. Primrose and the young ladies. Will the pleasant and eager party allow a Lounger to give them a bit of advice? It is, that they shall not suppose they have seen the city of New York because they have staid in one of its hotels, sat in several of its churches, heard some of its most celebrated divines, shopped at Stewart's, eaten ice-cream at Taylor's, and seen over-dressed women in Broadway.

These are the accidents of a great city—very pretty and pleasing accidents—but not the substance. Dr. Primrose can tell his family that every city has a salvation; and the Misses Primrose may not be sorry to hear that it consists of ten men. So, when they have seen what they suppose to be the fashion, and society—when they shudder over the daily reports of crime, and hear the nightly jar of blazing streets, so different from the repose of Wakefield—let them not forget that in the city streets, as in the country lanes, it is still the same heart that beats, and loves, and doubts, and hates; that in the midst of all the wild confusion and din there is a tranquillity as profound as that of Alpine valleys; that in the very heart of the fever and the rush there is patience, and heroism, and quiet faith; that many a virtue, which in cool country air would grow slowly at its calm leisure, ornamenting life, in the heat of city confinement springs with a rank luxuriance that overflows character with beauty.

Dr. Primrose and his family may not see the heroes and the heroines—or, at least, may not recognize them. But not the less are they all around them in invisible places. The ten men that save the city are forever going and coming in the streets. It is to make those ten men twenty that the anniversary machinery is put in motion.

ANOTHER WORD WITH DR. PRIMROSE.

The Lounger has already slipped one hint into the Doctor's ear to-day; but he would like to whisper farther, both to him and the ladies of his family, or of any other family out of town, that if they ever want any article of any kind, from a pincushion to a cathedral, they can procure it, without coming to town, by sending to Mr. J. Aug. Dix, whose advertisement they may read, perhaps in this week's paper, certainly in the last. He is a purchasing agent—a man whose business it is to know what every thing is, where it is, how it can be bought for the smallest price, and sent any where in the swiftest and surest manner. Such a man is one of the necessities of a great city. It is not the Lounger's habit to speak in a manner which the wicked might call an advertisement. But he begs Dr. Primrose to listen to him, not to the wicked.

"PIBROCH OF DONNEL-DHU—PEAL FOR THE ONSET."

Often enough in summer there is a series of sultry, lowering days—now clouding, now brighting; the air getting thicker and thicker; the sky seeming slowly to whiten, the lustrous clear blue dying out, sometimes a look of immediate rain—a few drops, even, but nothing further—or a sullen muttering of thunder, dying off in prolonged echoes in the distance—the air settles into preternatural stillness, a chance bird drops a hurrying, foreboding note, the leaves hang on the trees like the tongues of dogs—as if they were panting—and the lord of creation himself hurries in the belated hay, glancing curiously at the sky, sees that blinds and doors are fast, looks wistfully at the upright field of grain headed out so full and solid, its beard glistening with dryness, not with dew—the lord of creation himself feels that something is coming; and at last, in the drift of shredded clouds through the sky, in vast whirlwinds of dust, in blinding lightning and terrific thunder, in solid sheets of rain and furious tempest and tornado, something comes.

So it has been in Europe for many months. Vague doubt, apprehension, and alarm; reports of what the Emperor said, what the King thought, and what the Government was going to do; special embassies, significant marriages, and secret negotiations, rumors of war, meetings of ministers and marchings of armies, falling of stocks, the most capricious speculation, and a deluge of "they say" and "it is said" deep enough to submerge modern society; authentic information that war was at hand, equally authentic intelligence that every thing had passed over; the Emperor of France blew his nose; attentive Europe put out its forefinger and said, "Listen!" the Count de Cavour shook his foot; attentive Europe, eagerly responsive, shook its head.

The latest, the very last, "it is said" announces war; and the chance is, undoubtedly, war. What about?

About Italy. The real question to be decided by the blood and misery and material ruin of how many men, women, and children is, whether France or Austria shall rule in Italy. There is nothing in the case which appeals to the generous sympathy of any body. Faithfully following the avuncular traditions, Louis Napoleon now wishes to seat himself below the Alps; and if he seriously tries he will doubtless do it.

There is a talk of Sardinia! of the liberties of Italy! of the rights of etc., etc. Poor Piedmont will serve as a cat's-paw, but the Bonaparte will eat the chestnuts. So far as the two men Louis Napoleon and Francis Joseph, and their two systems, are concerned, there is only this to choose, that the former is a new man and the revolution is working in France and will come to some result sooner than in Austria. The prestige of hereditary dominion is forever lost in France, and therefore the democratic development of "the peoples" will gain most from any French success, as compared with the Austrian.

But the victims, the people who are to suffer, if there really be a war—how stupendous the crime seems which dooms them! How many of us probably remember when we thought wars were over, when we looked at plow-shares, and haply also at pruning-hooks, if we knew what they were, to discover the *ci-devant* swords and spears! Happy faith of childhood! Incredulous simplicity that was surprised when it first learned that men sometimes quarreled! Children quarreled, of course, were punished for it, made up, and were forgiven.

How many of us have learned that men sometimes do quarrel! and that poetry and tradition put the golden age far behind us, and absolutely inaccessible, while they declare that Astrea has long since returned to the stars, and that we live in an iron age. What a comment upon human progress and Christianity that the most densely populated of the continents is on the eve of a general war; that it is known, discussed, and will probably be permitted!

NEW BOOKS.

While we hold De Quincey's last volume, and the pretty gold and blue "Motherwell," and the sparkling new novel of Charles Read's, "Love me Little, Love me Long," and the graver sentences of Bulwer's "What will he do with it?" and the airy "Culprit Fay," and sober "Adam Bede" in our hands, there come books and rumors of books pleasant to see and hear.

Tennyson's "King Arthur" is already singing through the press. Charles Mackay's volume of American travel, enlarged and elaborated, will be good summer reading. Charles Kingsley has published a new book of sermons. R. H. Dana, Jun., whom the world so gladly knew "as he sailed, as he sailed," has been sailing again to Cuba and telling about it. C. R. Leslie has published in London a new life of Sir Joshua Reynolds. Ticknor & Co. are to give us a complete Percival, one of the greatest gods in the American pantheon of thirty years ago. Eothen Kinglake, the Manchester *Guardian* says, is writing a history of the Crimean war. Mr. Hume, the medium, is to do a work on second sight for a Parisian publisher, while Michelet's "L'Amour" is still the book of the moment in Paris, and will be until Alexander Dumas, who has just returned from Caucasian travel and now dresses like Schamyl, shall have finished his "Practical Treatise upon Russian Cookery," and his traveling-novel or romantic travels, "Caucasus." With the rest drifts upon the Lounger's table a little "Homeopathic Domestic Physician," issued by E. C. Eastman, Concord, N. H. And why not Concord, N. H., when we remember that Goethe's "Correspondence with Bettina von Arnim" was published in Lowell, Mass.? So much the better for Concord and Lowell. The little book is simple and convenient, and would be useful, doubtless, to those who believe the mystic *similia similibus*.

P. O.

While the Trimountaineers refuse to have any thing to do with a beautiful new Post-office which their favorite P. M. Capen has just built for them—while they hurry to Washington that they may not be obliged to run to Summer Street, and raise money to keep away the dreadful boon—poor, patient, long-suffering, modest, meritorious New York goes quietly to its eviscerated old Dutch Church, squeezes in ridiculous lobbies, slops about in the wet, pokes in the dark, mumbles at dirty windows, and calls itself a metropolis!

Go to! with this frightful waggery. There is not a huckster's back-shop or a green-grocer's shelf in the land which is such an utterly mean Post-office for the meanest village as the ridiculous old church is for New York. No wonder the Post-office Department breaks down. It ought to break down. It ought to be broken up. No wonder the Trimountainous wits laugh at our pretensions. A metropolis! A metropolis?

Why, there is not one of those wits who has not traveled in other countries and seen sights. Among those sights are metropolises, and in each metropolis there is a Post-office—not a building merely, but a system, which justifies the Government in undertaking the business of transporting letters. Half the important conversation of London is done through the Post-office, in its numberless branches all through the city; but in New York what man so lost to his duty even to the worst correspondent as to drop his letter into a chance box at an up-town corner? Why do they persist in saying that there is a Dead-Letter Office in Washington? Dead-Letter Offices abound in the *metropolis!*

Outside of the railing that confines the hump-backed monster that squats in the very bosom of the commercial district, and consumes the dignity of the *metropolis*, there is a range of apple-women. They sell sound fruit at a fair price. Now suppose the United States should force us to buy all our apples in that old Castle Rat-trap, and should sell us only rotten ones at a high price!

Why should the United States undertake to do a business which it either does not or will not understand? Above all, why does it force us to buy poor fruit at a price which would secure us the best in market?

Upon the whole, the metropolitan character of New York is best studied at the corner of Nassau and Liberty streets.

—Or, if you insist that New York has nothing to do with it, the capacity of the Post-office Department may be considered at the same point of view.

LOUNGER'S LETTER-BOX.

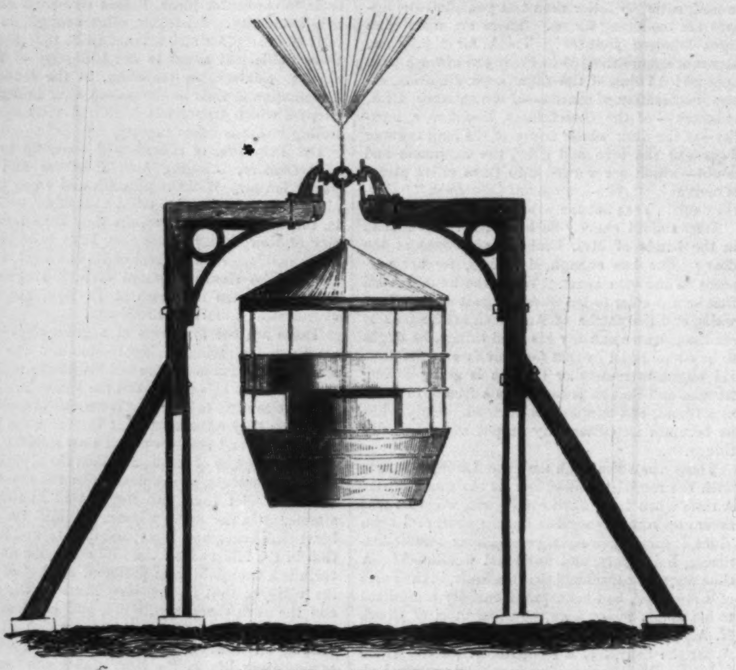
—J. G. G., Palestine, Texas, asks if Mr. Prentice, of the Louisville *Journal*, is not preparing a volume of his paragraphs for the press. It is very likely, but the Lounger had not heard of it.

A BALLOON RAILWAY.

EVERY body who has traveled through Switzerland has been "up the Rhigi." It is not necessary to describe the scenery which makes the ascent (if the day was clear) an event to be remembered among the pleasantest in a lifetime of travel: the illimitable rich expanse of lowland, broidered with crops and jeweled with lakes; the tumbled sea of granite peaks, glistening with snow or dark with forest; the light clouds floating here and there, which only help the mountains to look higher; the toy-like little towns nestling down in the valleys; the turquoise color of the Zugersee and Wallersee; the quiet little chapel on the route; and the reward for the troubles of the ascent in a good dinner at a most comfortable hotel at the summit. All these things he who has been there will have in his mind's eye at mention of the name; and to those who have yet to make the ascent it is probably better to mention only that the Rhigi Culm is a mountain of Switzerland 5905 feet above the sea, commanding magnificent views, and a common resort for all kinds of travelers: to accommodate whom an ingenious German engineer and architect, M. Frederic Albrecht, proposes to run what may be called a balloon-train from the railway terminus at the foot to the hotel door at the summit.

Last year 30,000 people visited the summit of Mount Rhigi, and more than half of these either ride up the toilsome way on horseback or ascend in sedan-chairs borne by men. Invalids and ladies often find the ascent too wearying for them. Besides the horses and bearers needed for the accommodation of travelers a large force is required to transport to the summit the provisions, etc., consumed in the hotels there. To economize much of this expense M. Albrecht proposes to construct along the side of the mountain a line of trestle-work, of which the sectional view herewith will give the reader an accurate idea. This trestle-work, of wood and iron, is to support two bars of iron, within whose grooves is to slide a bolt, to which is to be suspended a light but comfortable car, capable of accommodating from six to twelve persons. Above, the bolt is coupled to a balloon, of such dimensions as to be capable of raising the car and its contents. The result is plain: the upward tendency of the balloon is modified by the restraining power of the rails, and the consequence is that, instead of shooting directly into the air, the car is dragged up along the rails—and this at a rate neither too fast nor too slow for comfort.

M. Albrecht asserts that he has experimented so far as to convince him that such a conveyance is perfectly feasible, and entirely safe in any weather except during a heavy storm. He explains that the guidance of the railway so far balances the balloon as to make the ascent easy even in a moderate gale. He expects to get his balloons down again by so loading the return cars as to weigh down the ascending power; and by a neat arrangement of brakes along the rails he makes accidents impossible.



PROPOSED BALLOON CAR.

It is stated that surveys of the mountain-side have already been made, and the balloon railway bids fair to become presently an established fact. Should it prove successful there, no doubt some shrewd Yankee will facilitate the ascent of Mount Washington, or some other of our celebrated heights; by such means. Such a road is shorter, and infinitely less tedious and expensive than the "inclined plane" which was once such a nuisance to travelers on the Great Pennsylvania Railroad, and which forms the only alternative in the way of easy conveyance to a mountain's top.

During the last seventy-five years a number of ingenious mechanicians, European and American, have turned their attention to the solution of the problem of aerial navigation. Mr. Wise of Pennsylvania proposes to cross the Atlantic next year in a mammoth balloon. It is not unlikely that the balloon railway we have described may be an important step toward the final perfection of an air-ship.

BOMBAY AND COMMISSIONER REED'S RETURN.

[FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.]

UNITED STATES FRIGATE "MINNESOTA,"
BOMBAY, *February* 9, 1859.

AFTER a series of the most delightful visits to different islands of the East Indian Archipelago, we arrived in the harbor of Bombay on the 19th of January, dropping our anchor outside the shipping, and saluting the English flag and the broad pennant of the Commodore of the Indian Navy.

On landing at the "Apollo Bunda"—the long stone pier that forms the usual stopping-place for boats of every description—one is overwhelmed with the importunities of drivers of broken-down horses in the most-impracticable-to-mount looking gigs; dirty carriers of still dirtier palanquins, which are used for travelers by day and beds for the carriers at night; and by a class of persons called "dobashes," who persist in holding an umbrella over your head as they walk by your side, answer all questions put to your friend on the other side, volunteer advice, and, by a series of questions and cross-questions, imperceptibly worm out of you where you are from, where you are to go, and, above all, the condition of your finances: their attentions depending entirely upon the report they receive as to the latter. After a sea voyage one is prompted, on reaching the shore, to walk and stretch his legs; but the persistency of the crowd on the wharf compels you to take a vehicle of some description, in which you start off, congratulating yourself on your escape; but the dobash is not so easily thrown off. If he is a clever fellow, he is at once friends with the driver of your vehicle, and alongside him on the box. If you are in a palkee, he is by your side, and ready at any moment to answer any questions or to render any service. Altogether the dobash is the most important person in the East.

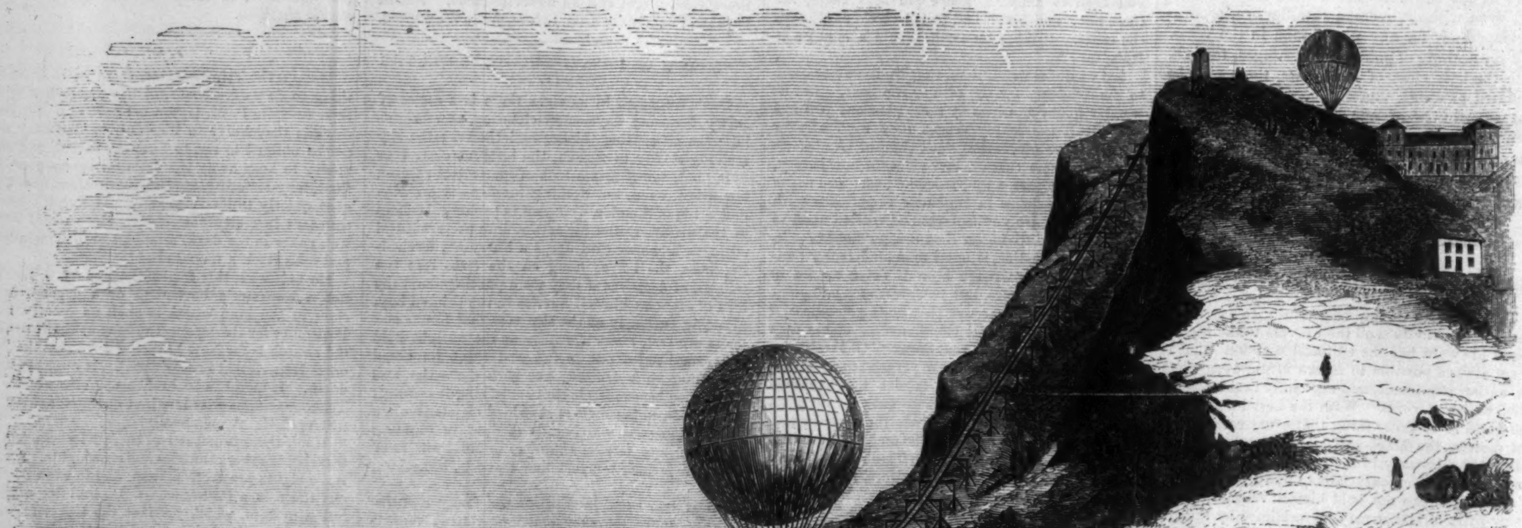
An exposed road of an eighth of a mile, entirely free from shade of every description, leads through the double gate of the fortress and into the town. The streets are wide, clean, and well watered. Pedestrians must suffer somewhat from the want of side-walks, by which they are compelled to dodge the varied vehicles drawn by horses, bullocks, and men, as well as thread their way through the crowds of native Parsees, Hindoos, etc., which throng the streets.

Among the variety of carriages one sees in the streets of Bombay the little ox-teams bear a most conspicuous part. They are boxes mounted on two wheels, without springs, and in many instances hung with flowing silk curtains, highly embroidered, and filled with parties of men, women, or children, packed in the closest possible manner. The animals drawing them are scarcely larger than Newfoundland dogs; but their small, smooth limbs make them very active, and in the races which frequently occur in the streets between oxen and horses, the former more often get the advantage.

The houses are unlike those of most Eastern cities, those within the fort being of five or six stories high; but the gaudy colors they are painted, the projecting cornices over each story, extending five or six feet into the street, and the carved wooden ornaments about the doors and windows, render them totally unlike those seen in American cities.

The Government buildings are good, and the hotels bad. The principal hotel is situated at the end of a narrow lane filled with stables, among the horses of which, while undergoing a cleaning process outside the door, one has to go in order to reach it. We managed to get through, however, and were quite disappointed at the good "tiffin" set out for us at two o'clock. Like too many others, we had formed an opinion by the exterior.

Amusements in Bombay are few and far between; occasionally a concert-giver comes along, but the chief recreation consists in going upon the

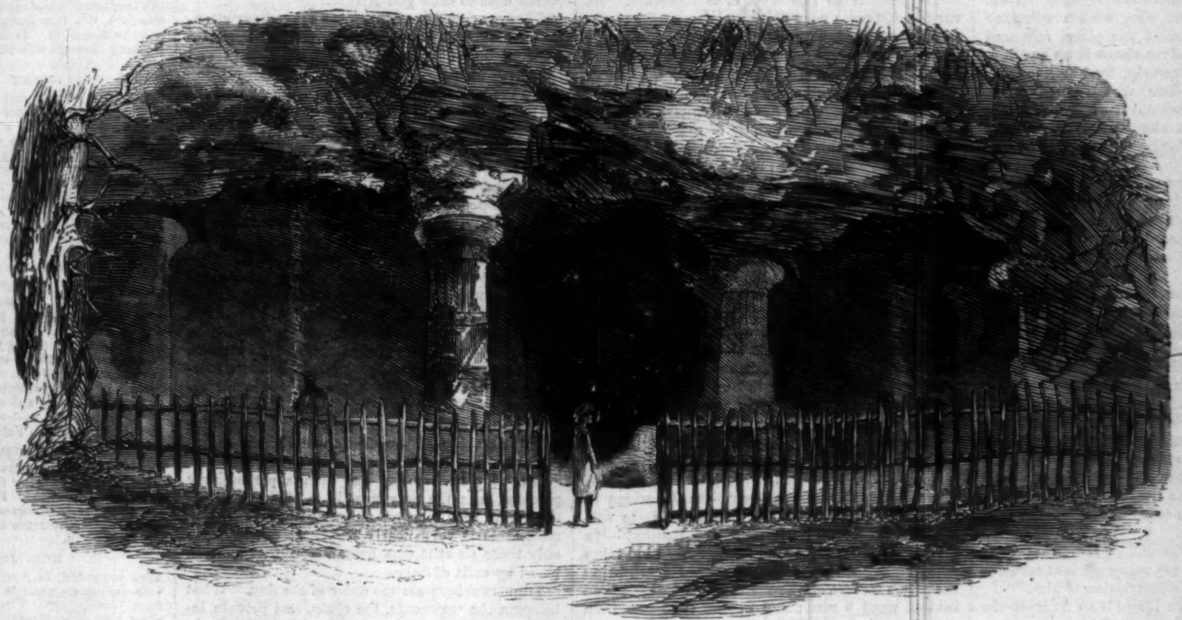


PROPOSED BALLOON RAILWAY UP MOUNT RHIGI, SWITZERLAND.

Esplanade at sundown, listen to the band, and gossip. There are several bands now here, belonging to the different regiments; and it is indeed a relief, after the heat of the day, to go out upon this open space, fully exposed to the sea-breeze, and listen to fine music.

We had long anticipated a trip to Elephanta, the island of the caves; so the evening of the 19th we made our arrangements, and by daylight the next morning were stowing away an impromptu breakfast, and otherwise preparing for the fatigues of the day. A covered "bunda" boat was along side, into which, with our guns and lunch, our little party were soon seated. A sail of a couple of hours brought us to the western side of the island. This island is some five or six miles in length, by from half a mile to a mile in width. A high hill on either extremity of it forms a notch in the centre, through which we passed to the caves on the opposite side.

GREEN AND CATHEDRAL AT BOMBAY.—[From a Photograph.]



GRAND ENTRANCE TO THE CAVES OF ELEPHANTA.—[From a Photograph.]

The principal cave is nearly upon the summit of one of these high hills, its entrance being in the side, and commanding one of the prettiest of views, combining land and water, that I ever saw. A cut of fifty feet in height, and nearly as wide, forms a face in the hill, where, surrounded by shrubbery and trees, is an opening of twenty-five or thirty feet in width, by fourteen high, in which appear the fluted Egyptian columns which sustain the ceiling. Thirty feet within are halls branching, at right angles with the main entrance, to the right and left. The hall upon the left leads into an open space, and this again up a flight of steps, with lions on either side, to a chamber, the walls of which are covered with bas-reliefs. Within this is a stone apartment of six or eight feet square, containing the ruins of a carved stone intended to represent certain portions of the body. It was to these stones those women whose families were not so great as they desired, or those who had no families at all, used to come and worship—a mode of worship similar to that of Priapus by the ancient Greeks. It is stated that even at this day a good deal of virtue is ascribed to sitting a certain length of time upon these stones.

The hall on the right leads to apartments similar in construction to those on the left. Explorations in them have not been thoroughly finished, however. The wonder of these caves is in the sculpturings, which are in relief over all the walls. At every salient point are figures in the boldest alto-relief, twelve feet high, and magnificent columns which sustain the ceiling. In many places are panels, or niches, upon which are cut numerous figures. In one of these niches, facing the entrance, is the triple-headed deity, Brahma, Vishnu, and Shiva—the creator, the destroyer, and the preserver. All are connected with the ancient traditions of a people existing long, long ago, and about whom very little seems to be at present known. One is lost in astonishment, as he wanders through these halls among the huge columns and gigantic figures, at the amount of labor and money expended in hewing all out of the solid rock. Not a column, or an image, or a step but is in the position where it was placed by the Creator.

A quarter of a mile from this are two smaller caves but partially exhumed, and, as far as the researches have gone, much less interesting than the main one that is so fully cleared.

Amidst all the astonishment and admiration which the light of such a work can not fail to inspire in the breast of every one who visits the caves, as well as one of intense interest and curiosity to know more of a people who had such a respect for art, and knew so well how to introduce it into their places of public resort, one can not repress the sensation of disgust and horror at the vandalism of a people who, in their zeal for their religion, strove to destroy every remnant of idolatry, or any thing which might serve to remind one of it. When the Portuguese had possession of these islands they brought their artillery into the caves, and by every means in their power strove to obliterate

DR. BHAWRO DAGEE.—[From a Photograph.]

DOBASH LINGO.—[From a Sketch by our own Correspondent.]

ZODDY CARRIER.—[From a Photograph.]

every vestige of art then remaining—which, it is fair to suppose, were then nearly perfect.

All the lower part of the columns and the sculptures are defaced or entirely ruined, and the upper part was only saved from the fact that the guns could not be properly elevated as to allow their shot to reach them.

What their artillery failed to do, however, was attempted to be done by hand. The noses and hands, and all that could be easily chipped off, have been removed. The reliefs, fortunately, could not be much injured.

No vestiges of the painting or gilding which probably covered all these figures now remain, having been removed by the moisture and dirt to which it has been exposed for centuries.

We met a party of English officers, bound on a pleasure-tour like ourselves, who invited us to lunch with them, and a table was prepared for the purpose within the cave.

After fully refreshing ourselves we started off to explore the remainder of the island, taking our guns with us. The trees are filled with birds of rich plumage, and an occasional singing bird was heard. One of our party—an incipient Nimrod—persisted in popping away at every thing that had wings; I believe a large beetle, had he seen one, would have fallen a victim to his gun. He soon had every available pocket filled with "game," as he delighted in calling it, which, on our return, he showed as proofs of his skill. On the eastern end of the island are the ruins of what was once a huge stone elephant, from which the island derived its name. Little is left of the original. The body still remains upon its legs, but the portions giving character to the black mass of stone lie at its foot, another exhibition of the results of Portuguese artillery.

The origin of these caves, as well as analogous ones on the island of Salsette and other places in this vicinity, who built them, or for what purpose they were constructed, remains a mystery. Arguments have been brought forward to prove they were built by a tribe from Egypt who inhabited the country anterior to the present Indians; others, that the ancestors of the present race originated all. But, strange to say, there is not even a legend to enable those now living to form any idea as to who first inhabited them. An old invalid Indian sergeant, who, with a company of eight men, has charge of the place, informed me that the gods themselves threw it up one day. When I went on to ascertain, by questions, his ideas as to how it was done, who the gods were, and for what purpose they did it all, I found that he had not the clearest views as to the matter; still, as far as actual information goes, he knew as much as any one.

It was nearly sundown when we bethought ourselves of reaching our boat. In order to do so we were obliged to ride upon the shoulders of decrepit old men, who tottered at every step, threatening to submerge us. Fortunately, however, such was not the result.

Our passage home was enlivened by the monotonous though not unmusical songs of our boatmen, led on by our dobash Lingo, who, I am sorry to say, though belonging to a sect which prohibits the use of ardent spirits, had got hold of our bottles, and by an indiscriminate use of all—a "mixing of liquors"—had got somewhat elevated, as was shown in his polite attentions to us, and his assumption of authority over the boatmen. As he was the medium through which the pay came, and without whose interpretations they would fare badly, he was treated with the utmost respect by them, and his requests for certain songs instantly complied with.

By-the-way, as our dobash is somewhat of a character, and rendered me many efficient services afterward, I must give a description of him.

In personal appearance Lingo is an Adonis—six feet two high without shoes, straight as an arrow, with a forehead of a Webster, and a hawk's eye, his dress of white disposed gracefully about his form, falling, like a tunic, to the knees, where it forms a striking contrast to his black, bare legs, and a turban of the brightest scarlet, the whole presenting an aspect of a man rarely met with.

When he addresses one with a low "Salam, Sahib," and touches his forehead with his hand, one feels as if his hat must come off in response to a greeting so full of respect.

Lingo knows every thing and every body. No matter upon what subject he is questioned, he will shake his head profoundly, roll his eyes upward, and reply as if inspired. With all his plausibility Lingo is as big a rascal as all the rest. The fees given him to transfer to the boatmen as a gratuity for singing he carefully stowed away in his pocket "to hand them ashore;" but the others—not understanding a word of English—I am afraid never received them.

The next day, ashore, was occupied in visiting the residences and grounds of the wealthy Parsee merchants outside the fort—among others, that of Sir Jamsetjee Jeejeebhoy. He is the wealthiest of the Parsees, and to whom the members of his sect look up to as their brightest ornament. His early life (like that of thousands of others) was commenced in the most obscure manner, but by industry and honesty he acquired his present immense possessions. He is as wealthy in virtues as in pocket, as his innumerable benefices testify. Not long since he built a magnificent hospital, which he presented to the English Government. For this crowning act of charity he was knighted by the Queen.

His residence is palatial, and the grounds surrounding abound with trees and shrubs of the choicest kinds. Within every thing is of the most princely order, with the best of European taste. Long suits of rooms, the walls of which were covered with painting and pieces of rare sculpture.

The most attractive part of Bombay to the eye of a stranger is the native town. A drive of a mile over a good road running through the midst of an immense parade, which appears larger than it really is from the entire absence of trees, with the exception of a few stunted ones on the road side, and the thoroughly parched turf which covers it.

The only reliefs to the desert-like appearance of this spot are the silver-white tents, glistening in the hot sun, of a regiment, or the stone tanks so universal in India, the copings of which, ninety to one hundred and thirty feet in circumference, are covered with the picturesque forms of the many different races and castes of races abounding in this country, and which are designated by different costumes, or the color or winding of the turban.

After passing this spot and reaching the native town the contrast from quiet to noise is indeed striking. Here are collected merchants of every calibre, artisans, and persons of every profession. One long street, every shop of which is occupied by the manufacturers of the copper vases used for domestic purposes; another, where the inlaid work is sold; another for muslins, turbans, etc., etc. The activity prevailing among the traders; the songs of jugglers and snake-charmers; the bright effect caused by the black faces, scarlet or green turbans, white robes or naked figures of the natives, with an occasional yellow-habited fakir, with a tall hat, like a fool's cap, of the Persian, or the spotted "two-fold" hat of the Parsee—these all, in the midst of the din arising from the throats of so many, form a scene which, to one unaccustomed to it, is exceedingly attractive. The only trouble is, that with such a moving mass before one, like the colored fires in a pyrotechnic display, one becomes easily bewildered, and entirely at a loss which way to turn.

In this native town may be seen the fire temples and other places of worship of these different sects. They are many of them pretty to look at from the whiteness of their domes and adjacent buildings, as well as their pretty architecture. Upon looking within, however, one is reminded of the whited sepulchres, so great is the dirt.

One that I visited we entered by a court-yard through a gateway in a high wall. Immediately in front of the entrance was a building of not more than fifteen or twenty feet square at its base, and after a distance of twelve feet from the ground, running up in the form of a dome some twenty-five or thirty feet high, and covered with the ornaments peculiar to this style of architecture. At various distances were deities made somewhat after the form of man, but vastly different, and painted in the most grotesque manner. An open shed formed three sides of the court-yard, the fourth being the front wall. The floors of these sheds were covered with the dirtiest beggars, who lay sleeping, rolled up in a bundle of rags. Families were living in this manner, separated from each other only by a curtain of rags.

With the exception of a few groups engaged in conversation, this battered multitude was asleep, and no notice was taken of our examination of their premises until I attempted to ascend the low flight of stone steps leading to the interior of the dirty smoke house.

The outrage committed upon the sanctity of this place by the entrance of unclean beings like ourselves—the mere touch of whom is pollution, requiring several days to get clear of—aroused all the sleeping energies of this scandalized community, several of whom rushed up the steps, planting themselves before me in the most chivalric manner, and signifying, by their expressions and gestures, the indignity such a proceeding on my part would thrust upon them.

To-night we had been invited to the residence of a wealthy Parsee gentleman—an American in feelings although under the English flag—to witness one of the "institutions" of Bombay—"a Nautch." No wedding, no feast of any kind takes place among the Indians without a Nautch being the prime feature of the event. We had not been invited until 9 P.M.; and to pass the hours from sunset until the hour for starting, we drove out upon the Esplanade, or "Gossip point," for the purpose of listening to the music of one of the regimental bands. It makes little difference whether the band plays or not; just as many are collected on the "off" nights as the others.

Carriages had been provided to convey all invited guests to the Nautch. A drive of six miles brought us to the entrance of the grounds. On either side the gateway, and bordering the drive to the house, were pyramids of lights ten or twelve feet high, while through the trees shone, like stars, the innumerable lights attached to the branches, while statues representing the different races and castes of India sustained masses of fire in their hands or on their heads.

A large room, running the whole length of the building, had been devoted to the exhibition. Three girls dressed in gay silk robes, their necks, arms, and ankles being covered with ornaments of gold and silver and precious stones, large rings of pearls through their noses and the upper part of their ears, were singing a monotonous chant, accompanied by a sort of violin and a drum played by two assistants. At certain intervals these girls would approach the audience with a spasmodic movement, striking their feet upon the floor, and causing the bells upon their ankles to jingle in time to their songs.

Upon taking a seat each guest was presented with a bouquet of flowers, and showered with rose-water from a silver sprinkler, and a dose of betel-nut done up in leaves of a triangular form and covered with gold-leaf.

Ices were served at short intervals. The guests were not expected to closely watch the performance, which lasts through the night. We were moving from one room to another, examining the peculiarities of the representatives of the many different sects present, and taking occasional walks through the grounds.

At two o'clock Sunday morning I left the party still enjoying themselves, and the girls still relating their amorous ditties, much delighted at having seen an exhibition so famed, and wondering how it could have ever acquired the reputation it has.

In speaking of amusements I must refer to an exhibition of jugglery and snake-charming, prepared for our amusement by a Hindoo gentleman and doctor of medicine, whose efforts to make our time pass agreeably have been unremitting. A party of us was invited to his residence, where we were shown over his extensive library and collections of natural history. He is about publishing a work on the botany of the East Indies, the plates for which, done by a native artist, he showed us. They certainly excel in truthfulness of delineation and color any thing I have ever seen.

After examining the interior of the house we adjourned to the grounds, where, in an open graveled space, were seated our entertainers. The jugglery was not particularly interesting or clever, with the exception of the last feat, the causing the disappearance of a boy, which was really well done.

The snake-charmers appear the most fearless fellows in existence, handling, as they do, the largest and most venomous reptiles with perfect impunity.

After irritating the deadly cobra till its head would be thrown up and its neck expand with rage, displaying the spectacles upon its back—which are only shown when the animal is about to strike—they would wind it about their arms and necks, occasionally playing a strain upon an instrument formed of a gourd, with a few notes upon it. It is the playing upon this instrument which has given the name of "charmer," and an especial virtue was supposed to be attached to certain strains from it.

As the poisonous fangs of the reptile have been removed, however, it is more than fair to suppose that the immunity the charmers possess is more to be attributed to this fact than any power their discordant music has over them. For if any thing would prompt a snake to bite, I am sure it would be the being obliged to listen to one of these accordeon-like instruments. An engagement between a very small armadillo and a quite large snake closed the performances out of doors. Upon going up stairs a band of musicians with their instruments awaited us, and regaled our ears with several of the ancient Sanscrit songs, which they appear to have a great reverence for, and some more recent ones to their god Apollo.

These varied entertainments engaged our attention for several hours, and at our departure we were presented with a bouquet of flowers and sprinkled with rose-water.

On the afternoon of the twenty-fifth our minister to China—whom we had brought from the United States, and who for nineteen months had been one of us on the *Minnesota*—took his departure for home *via* the continent. A very nice "tiffin" had been prepared in his cabin, to which all the officers of the ship and all American residents on shore had been invited; after which, under a salute of thirteen guns and with manned yards, he left.

The sensation of separation is always a disagreeable one, but it is doubly so when it takes place between those who have been confined within the narrow limits of a ship. Although the most minor difficulties are magnified into the greatest troubles—all a man's faults found out, and his virtues, because often shown, unappreciated—yet at a parting all misunderstandings are forgotten, all remembrances of imaginary slights or offenses give place to the absorbing fact that one of your little world is leaving—a world where each acts so important a part in the happiness of the whole.

Our stay in Bombay has been a particularly pleasant one; the only trouble is, that the attentions have been most too many and pressing. Our mess-table is very nearly empty at dinner-time; only those sit at it who are obliged to remain on board by calls of duty.

Dinners ashore are the order of the day. What between the regiments, the clubs, and private individuals, we have been feasted almost to death, while the amount of visitors we have had on board has been something extraordinary. At four o'clock P.M., daily, they begin to come alongside, and for a couple of hours we have enough to do. Of course all this is delightful to us, who have been for so many months accustomed to look upon nothing but Chinese beauties, which, by-the-way, are not just according to American taste. It is considered quite unfashionable to have kept from the *Minnesota*.

We are now finishing our visit, only waiting for the Governor's ball which comes off to-morrow night; and next Monday we are again at sea, bound for Muscat.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

THE TRIAL OF DANIEL E. SICKLES.

EVIDENCE FOR DEFENSE CONTINUED.—THE ADMISSIBILITY OF EVIDENCE OF ADULTERY.

On Saturday and Monday, 16th and 18th April, the arguments of counsel were continued on the question of the evidence offered by the defense to prove adultery between the parties. The offer was streuuously resisted by the prosecution, and earnestly pressed by the defense. On Monday Judge Crawford delivered his decision, allowing the evidence to be introduced, on the ground that, at the time of the homicide, Sickles had exclaimed that Key had dishonored his bed. That declaration was part of the act, and evidence to explain it was admissible. The Judge referred to his decision in the case of Jarboe, where a man who killed the seducer of his sister was tried and acquitted, evidence of the seduction having been admitted.

MRS. NANCY BROWN *recalled.*

Saw Key on the Wednesday before his death go into the house on Fifteenth Street; saw Mrs. Sickles go in too; she went out the back way. They staid an hour in the house. Often saw Key go there. He used to let Mrs. Sickles out the back way. Went to Mrs. Sickles's house afterward and identified her. Saw Key go thrice to the house in three weeks. He once spoke to witness, and told her he rented the house for a friend—a Senator or member of Congress. Key had a shawl on his arm when he went to the house on the Wednesday before his death. He had no shawl when he came out. [The shawl found in the house being produced, Mrs. Brown stated that it was like the one Key had that day.] On that Wednesday saw smoke come out of the chimney of the house, which made witness laugh. A white string hung from the up-stair shutters, and waved with the wind. On that Wednesday Mrs. Sickles wore a brown dress. Witness has seen her in a small plaid silk dress, black Raglan, fringed with bugles, and black velvet shawl. The yard of the house was muddy. Never knew any one occupy the house but Key since he took it.—*Cross-examined:* Lives next door but one to John Gray. Thinks it was in November that Key first went there. Knows the lady was Mrs. Sickles because she made inquiries, and also because she identified her as the person on the Tuesday after the killing at her own house. Went to Sickles's, at Mrs. Sickles's request, to identify her. Saw Key and Mrs. Sickles there three times. Once they were frightened away by seeing two policemen watch; they did not go in that day, and did not return. Knows that Key made the fire because there was no one else to make it, and because witness saw him fetch the wood. Saw the string out of the window three or four times. Knew that it was the signal. Saw him go down for wood four or five times.—*Re-examined:* Mr. Mann took witness to Mrs. Sickles the Tuesday after the killing. At first took Mrs. Sickles for a servant-girl, till a gentleman told witness who she was. [The lock of the house was exhibited, and it was shown that one of the keys found in Key's pocket fitted it.]

CHARLES MANN

Is a policeman. Went to the house in Fifteenth Street, and found a shawl, a comb, a pair of gloves, and some cigarettes. [Identifies the shawl.] Took Mrs. Brown to Mrs. Sickles's at Ratcliffe's request. Witness described the house and its furniture. In the up-stair room there was a bed unmade, some soiled towels, basin, and pitcher, etc.—*Cross-examined:* Got into the house through a back window, which was opened to witness by a colored person. Does not know who the man was. Has received nothing and expects nothing for his services. Did not know what the colored man was to do except that he was to accompany witness from the jail to the house. Was directed by Mr. Ratcliffe to bring away the articles found in the house.

MR. RATCLIFFE

Went to the house with Mann. He corroborated the evidence of Mann as to the articles and furniture found in the house. Mr. Key resided in C Street, a mile from John Gray's house.

JOHN M. SEELEY *recalled.*

First noticed Mr. Key and a lady go to the house in Fifteenth Street about the middle of January. Saw them go there frequently. They went in together the first time witness saw them. On 12th February saw them walk to the house; Key unlocked the door; they went in, staid an hour or an hour and a half, and came out, Mrs. S. first, then Key five minutes after. Saw them again at one A.M. on 20th February. Mrs. S. entered on that occasion alone, by the back way. Saw Mrs. S. go out the back way after staying an hour or so. Saw her go to the house about two P.M. on the Wednesday or Thursday before Key's death. Knows the lady was Mrs. S. because he (witness) called at her house some ten days after the killing to identify her, and did accordingly identify her, being introduced by Mr. Hart.—*Cross-examined:* Saw Mrs. S.'s face three or four times; recognized her features distinctly. Is satisfied that it was Mrs. S. The walking through the back-yard of the house was very bad.

MARY ANN SEELEY,

Wife of last witness, saw Mr. Key carry wood in his arms in the yard of the house in Fifteenth Street. Saw Mrs. S. pass through the alley toward the house on the Wednesday before Key was killed. Did not see her go out. [Witness described her dress.] Identified her subsequently at her own house.—*Cross-examined:* Never saw Key and Mrs. Sickles together except on 16th February. She looked badly frightened that day, and ran after Key. Never saw any one go to the house after Key took it. Mr. Hart introduced witness to Mrs. Sickles at her house. Mrs. Sickles asked witness's daughter if she was not looking out of window when Key and Mrs. Sickles passed the house. The daughter said she was.

JAMES GINNITY

Is a policeman. Noticed Key and Mrs. Sickles in Fifteenth Street on 16th February. Witness stepped up and spoke to Key; took a good look at the lady. Key had a brass key in his hand. They walked down Fifteenth Street. There were a number of people in the street observing the couple. Knows the lady was Mrs. Sickles by having identified her at her own house about a week after Key's death. Mr. Hart introduced him. There were black and white people watching Key and Mrs. Sickles on 16th February.

MATILDA SEELEY

Saw Mrs. Sickles go into Gray's house a fortnight before Key's death. Saw her frequently in company with Key in that neighborhood. Has seen Mr. Key enter the house the back way.—*Cross-examined:* The day witness saw Mrs. Sickles enter the house was not the same day she saw Key go in.

HON. JOHN B. HASKIN

Was requested, in April, 1858, by Sickles, to visit his wife during an absence he (Sickles) was about to make from Washington. The following day did so, in company with Mrs. Haskin. Entered abruptly, and found Key and Mrs. Sickles alone, taking salad and Champagne, between 4 and 6 P.M. She blushed. Mrs. Haskin told witness Mrs. Sickles was a bad woman, and never called on her afterward. Has seen Mr. Key and Mrs. Sickles together since then at various places. Mr. Brady wanted to have this witness say whether Key had not told him that his relations to Mrs. Sickles were paternal; objected to, and objection sustained.—*Cross-examined:* Never told the Champagne and salad story to Sickles. Half the Champagne was gone.

EMANUEL B. HART

(Being the first witness examined on Tuesday 19th) admitted the witnesses to Mrs. Sickles's presence in order that they might identify her, at the request of Ratcliffe, Sickles's attorney.

JOHN THOMPSON

Was coachman of Sickles's till 4th Feb. last. Mrs. Sickles usually went out from 12 to 1 and returned for dinner. Mr. Key almost always met her, and sometimes got into the carriage. Never but once staid in the carriage till they got home. Never got in at Sickles's door. When Sickles was away Key came to the house almost every night, and sometimes staid very late. He and Mrs. S. sat together with closed doors in the study. There was a sofa there. Key was always there when witness went to bed at 10 or 11 P.M. Once he staid till 1 P.M. On that occasion witness heard the doors lock. [The witness here entered into further details going to prove criminality.] Mr. Key never came to the house when Mr. Sickles was there except on reception-days. They (K. and Mrs. S.) used frequently to meet at the Congressional burying-ground. They would walk away together and be out of witness's sight for an hour or so.—*Cross-examined:* Hardly a day passed that Key did not meet Mrs. Sickles. Believes Sickles was away one night this spring; drove him to the cars.—*Re-examined:* Key and Mrs. Sickles left Senator Gwin's ball in Key's carriage together. At the door of the National Hotel the carriage stopped; they staid inside a little time, then he got out and she drove home. Mrs. Sickles gave the orders. Mr. S. was at that time at home in bed.

G. W. EMERSON,

A butcher, saw Mr. Key and Mrs. Sickles at his stall between 8 and 9 A.M. on 18th February. Mrs. Sickles made her purchases, then handed her portmonnaie to Key, desiring him to pay witness, which he did.

JOHN CONEY,

Mr. Sickles's coachman since Thompson, confirms Thompson's evidence as to Key's habitual riding in the carriage with Mrs. Sickles, and never getting in or getting out near Sickles's house. On cross-examination, states that he is Sickles's coachman now.

GEORGE B. WOOLDRIDGE

Received, on 25th February, from the hands of Sickles, the anonymous letter (a fac-simile of which was published in *Harper's Weekly*). [The letter was put in and

read.] Mr. Brady then asked the witness what Sickles had said just before he left his house to kill Key? This was objected to, but was allowed, as tending to shed light on the prisoner's state of mind. The witness answered that Sickles had said, "That fellow who has just passed my house has made signals to my wife." Witness then described his endeavors to ferret out the truth with regard to Mrs. Sickles's visits to the house in Fifteenth Street; and how he discovered all that previous witnesses had sworn to. At first he understood that it was on Thursday the parties had met; but on further investigation he discovered they had met on Wednesday. Sickles was much relieved when he heard the meeting was on Thursday, as he knew his wife could not have been there that day. When he heard it was Wednesday it unmanned him.—*Cross-examined:* Sickles burst into tears when he gave the letter to witness. He entertained a hope that it was not his wife, and asked witness to investigate. He sobbed audibly. Witness and Sickles drove past the house, which S. pointed out to witness. Witness here contradicted himself—first saying that this conversation took place on Friday, and then on Saturday. It was at four or five P.M. on Saturday that witness told Sickles the last meeting had been on Wednesday. Has known Sickles intimately for years. In 1858 used to overhaul his letters and set aside those to be answered. On Sunday morning went to Sickles. After the exclamation above given, Butterworth tried to calm him, saying, "Only themselves knew it." Sickles answered, "The whole town knows it." Butterworth replied, "As a man of honor, I have no advice to give you." Sickles and Butterworth left the study together. Saw Butterworth go down the steps. Does not know how Sickles got out of the house. Witness went to look at a stereoscope; when he returned to the study window saw the people running. At this point the Court adjourned.

On Wednesday, 20th, the cross-examination was resumed. Did not see Sickles after he returned to the house till he was about to leave.—*Re-examined:* There was great noise and confusion in the house after Mr. Sickles returned. Sickles cautioned witness not to compromise Mrs. Sickles by his inquiries.—*Re-cross-examined:* Made his discoveries through the negroes of the neighborhood. When Sickles heard that the meeting took place on Wednesday he was quite prostrated.

ALBERT J. MEGAFFEY

Was called to say whether Key, in reply to a caution, had not said that he was prepared, touching his breast-pocket. The question was objected to, and the objection sustained.

THOMAS J. BROWN.

From the library window to the back window of the back-room is 45 feet 5 inches. The sofa is near the back window.—*Cross-examined:* Measured the distance yesterday. Doesn't know where the sofa was the day of the killing.

FELIX M'CLUSKY.

By the state he saw Sickles in just after the killing, witness thought he would kill every man, woman, and child in the house. He watched him lest he should kill his wife. He did not seem responsible for what he did. At the Attorney-general's he looked frightened to death. —*Cross-examined:* There was great confusion in the house. Sickles appeared to be crying.

JOHN M'DONALD

Has been Sickles's footman since 10th Feb. Has seen Key and Mrs. S. together. The sofa in the back-room is about where it was on the day of the homicide.

Mr. Brady here announced that the case for the defense was closed.

THE PROSECUTION OFFERS TO ADMIT THE CONFESSION.

The District Attorney now rose and said that, in consequence of the admission of evidence proving the adultery, the prosecution would not now make objection to the admission of the confession as evidence. This offer, next day, was declined by the defense.

REBUTTING EVIDENCE.

GEORGE H. PENDLETON

Visited the house in 15th Street the second Monday after Key was killed. The doors being locked, a locksmith was sent for, who opened one of them. Witness gave no orders for the removal of a lock. Several articles belonging to deceased were transmitted to witness. Some papers were handed or sent to witness, having been found on the person of deceased. [Among these was a letter in cipher produced in Court.]

CHARLES L. JONES

Corroborated Mr. Pendleton's testimony. Had taken the deepest interest in the case, and looked up some authorities for Mr. Carlisle.

LETTERS TO COUNSEL AND A JUROR.

On Thursday, 21st, a letter was laid on the Judge's desk addressed to a juror. It was read by the juror, Judge, and counsel, who pronounced it an improper interference with justice, and a tissue of falsehood. It appeared to be in the same handwriting as the anonymous letter.

FRANCIS DOYLE, *recalled.*

Was the person who requested Dr. Miller to take charge of the papers found in Key's pocket. Considers that Sickles was quite self-possessed at the time he saw him (just as the homicide had been committed).—*Cross-examined:* Has never seen or spoken to an insane person in an asylum. If he saw twelve persons dancing in an asylum could not pick out the mad from the sane.

ALBERT GREENLEAF

Saw Key's papers handed to Dr. Miller.

JACOB F. KING

Confirmed the evidence of the preceding witness.—Thought Key was exceedingly cool at the time of the homicide. Saw no indication of excitement.—*Cross-examined:* Had seen Sickles fifty times before; never saw him excited.

EDWARD M. TIDBALL

Thought Sickles's manner at the killing rather cool and deliberate.—*Cross-examined:* Does not recollect ever visiting a lunatic asylum. Can not say whether the expression of Sickles's eyes was unusual on that occasion.

*CHARLES HOWARD

Produces the letter in cipher handed him by Mr. Pendleton and found on Key's person. Has made a translation of it. After discussion, the letter and translation were excluded from the case.

WILLIAM DAW

Was one of the policemen who arrested Sickles. To the best of his recollection, while Sickles was in the house after the homicide, the door between parlor and library was open. Heard no groans or shrieks. Sickles asked the whole party to take brandy. He (Sickles) and Butterworth took some. This evidence was confirmed by the other policeman, James H. Suit.

J. H. M'BLAIR

Went to Sickles's house after the shooting. Heard no unusual noises. Butterworth asked for brandy, and took a glass. Can not say whether Sickles took any. Witness was much excited.—*Cross-examined:* Sickles was very calm. Witness thought it was the calmness of desperation. Sickles has great powers of endurance. Has always found Sickles calm.

MAYOR BERRET

Went to Sickles's house after the killing. Sickles exhibited much feeling, spoke of his dishonored home, and wept heartily for four or five minutes. On his way to prison he was restive, and seemed to wish to salute the crowd, from which witness dissuaded him. He evidently made efforts to be tranquil.

JOSEPH DUDROW

Did not think Mr. Sickles was more excited than any other man would be in a fight. Mr. Delafield was of the same opinion. He thought Sickles's manner and appearance rather cool.

Charles H. G. Lewis here produced the proceedings of Congress for 25th and 26th February.

FRANCIS H. SMITH

Is one of the official reporters of Congress; produces the MS. report of speeches made by Sickles on 25th and 26th February. The report was corrected by Mr. Sickles.—*Cross-examined:* Does not know at what hour Sickles spoke on Saturday. Supposes it was about 4 P.M. Does not know at what time the corrections were made.—*Re-examined:* Mr. Sickles voted on the last vote at the time of adjournment at 9 P.M. on Friday.

NEW EVIDENCE EXCLUDED.

Some new evidence was now tendered by the prosecution. Its admissibility was privately discussed between the counsel and the Court, and it was finally rejected. It is understood that it referred to the antecedents of Mr. Sickles.

THE CLOSING OF THE CASE.

Some conversation next ensued on the closing arguments of counsel, or "prayers," as they are called in the District of Columbia. The prosecution offered to commence at once, reserving the right of examining two more witnesses for the defense. This the defense declined, and it was understood that the examination of these two witnesses would be taken on Saturday morning. Counsel communicated to each other the points of their prayers for instructions.

INSTRUCTIONS FOR THE PROSECUTION.

If the jury believe, from the evidence in this whole cause, that the prisoner, on the day named in the indictment, and in the county of Washington aforesaid, killed the said Philip Barton Key, by discharging at, against, and into the body of him, the said Philip Barton Key, a pistol or pistols, loaded with gunpowder and ball, thereby giving him a mortal wound or wounds, and that such killing was the willful and intentional act of the prisoner, and was induced by the belief that the said deceased had seduced his (the prisoner's) wife, and on some day or days, or for any period definite or indefinite, prior to the day of such killing, had adulterous intercourse with his wife, and that the prisoner was not provoked to such killing by any assault or offer of violence then used and there made by the deceased upon or against him, then such willful and intentional killing, if found by the jury, upon all the facts and circumstances given in evidence, is murder. But such killing can not be found to have been willful and intentional in the sense of this instruction, if it shall have been proven to the satisfaction of the jury, upon the whole evidence aforesaid, that the prisoner was in fact insane at the time of such killing.

INSTRUCTIONS FOR THE DEFENSE.

First—There is no presumption of malice in this case if any proof of "alleviation, excuse, or justification" arise out of the evidence for the prosecution. State vs. Johnson, vol. iii. Jones, page 266; M'Daniel vs. State, vol. 8, Smead's and Marshall's, page 401; Day's case, 17 of pamphlet.

Second—The existence of malice is not presumable in this case if, on any rational theory consistent with all the evidence, the homicide was either justifiable, excusable, or an act of manslaughter. Same cases as above cited; U. S. vs. Mingo, vol. 2, Curtis; C. C. R. 1, Commonwealth vs. York; vol. 2, Bennett and Heard, leading criminal cases, page 505.

Third—If, on the whole evidence presented by the prosecution, there is any rational hypothesis consistent with the conclusion that the homicide was justifiable or excusable, the defendant can not be convicted.

Fourth—If the jury believe that Mr. Sickles, when the homicide occurred, intended to kill Mr. Key, he can not be convicted of manslaughter.

Fifth—It is for the jury to determine, under all the circumstances of the case, whether the act charged upon Mr. Sickles is murder or justifiable homicide. (Ryan's case, 2; Wheeler's Crim. Cases, 54.)

Sixth—If the jury find that Mr. Sickles killed Mr. Key, while the latter was in criminal intercourse with the wife of the former, Mr. Sickles can not be convicted of either murder or manslaughter.

Seventh—If, from the whole evidence, the jury believe that Mr. Sickles committed the act, but at the time of doing so was under the influence of a diseased mind, and was really unconscious that he was committing a crime, he is not in law guilty of murder. (Day's case, pamphlet, page 9.)

Eighth—If the jury believe that, from any predisposing cause, the prisoner's mind was impaired, and at the time of killing Mr. Key he became or was mentally incapable of governing himself in reference to Mr. Key, as the debauchee of his wife, and at the time of his committing said act was, by reason of such cause, unconscious that he was committing a crime as to said Mr. Key, he is not guilty of any offense whatever. (Day's case, pamphlet, page 17.)

Ninth—It is for the jury to say what was the state of the prisoner's mind as to the capacity to decide upon the criminality of the particular act in question—the homicide—at the moment it occurred, and what was the condition of the parties respectively as to being armed or not at the same moment.

These are open questions for the jury, as are any other questions that may arise upon the consideration of the evidence, the whole of which is to be taken in view by the jury. (Jarboe's case, pamphlet, page 20.)

Tenth—The law does not require that the insanity which absolves from crime should exist for any definite period, but only that it exist at the moment when the act occurred with which the accused stands charged.

Eleventh—If the jury have any doubt as to the case either in reference to the homicide or the question of sanity, Mr. Sickles should be acquitted.

FOREIGN NEWS.

ENGLAND.

DISSOLUTION OF PARLIAMENT.

The English Cabinet has decided to dissolve Parliament, and appeal to the country rather than resign. Lord Derby announced the fact in the House of Lords on the 4th, and in his remarks severely attacked Lord John Russell's course, and characterized Lord Palmerston's recommendation that Russell's amendment be accepted by Ministers, as a direct insult. He rejoiced at the generous support his Government had received, and expressed the conviction that there was no cohesion in the Opposition, and that it would be dissolved the next moment by the conflicting opinions of its various sections. The Cabinet had resolved to dissolve Parliament as soon as the public business permitted, both because they thought the country ought to be consulted at the present crisis, and because the interests of peace would suffer from a change of administration.

Mr. Disraeli made a corresponding announcement in the Commons.

Parliament proceeded with its usual business, and no date had been fixed for the dissolution, although it was expected to take place before Easter.

DEATH OF THE MARQUIS OF WATERFORD.

The Dublin evening papers of Wednesday contain the following: "The death of the Marquis took place yesterday afternoon, while his lordship was hunting with his own hounds. The meet was at Castle Morris, county of Kilkenny, and more than one chase had taken place, when at Corbally, midway between Castle Morris and Carrick-on-Suir, in leaping a small fence, half bank, half wall, not much more than two feet high, the Marquis's horse missed its footing on the bank, and dropped his fore legs into a small rut on the other side, which threw the animal on its knees, so that his lordship fell over on his head, apparently without much violence. He lay on his face, his hunting cap having a dent on the top, but there was no cut or bruise on the head. On being lifted up he was placed in a sitting position, but he was found to be entirely unconscious, and never afterward spoke. He lived for about ten minutes, and the only sign of life given was that he drew up one leg and sighed. Immediately after this, however, Dr. O'Ryan, of Carrick-on-Suir, who had been engaged in the hunt, was in attendance and pronounced life to be extinct. Death resulted from concussion of the brain."

FRANCE.

PREPARATIONS FOR WAR.

The movement of troops and war material in France continues on a large scale. The Paris correspondent of the London *Herald* says that about 25,000 men are on their way to reinforce the army of Lyons. The Paris correspondent of the *Times* writes that the question of peace or war is still left to conjecture. Piedmont manifests no intention of disarming, while Austria insists upon this step as a preliminary condition to the Congress. The feeling that war is inevitable prevails at the French Foreign Office, and is shared by some of the highest functionaries. Count Cavour is reported to have said that he could at any time apply the match to the materials of conflagration at his command, and force France to join him. The *Daily News* correspondent says orders have been sent to Toulon that sixty-eight vessels, which have been long preparing there, should be ready to put to sea upon a day's notice, if required. Eight vessels have also been ordered at once from Brest for Toulon.

THE IMPERIAL PRINCE.

The Paris correspondent of the *Lady's Newspaper* says: "The Empress followed in an open calèche with the Prince Imperial, who was attired in the uniform of a Grenadier de la Garde Imperiale. His appearance for the first time in this dress excited great admiration, and when raised in the arms of his august mother, the lovely boy laughed with childish glee at the assembled multitude. The enthusiasm and admiration of the crowd knew no bounds; and truly it was a pretty sight to see the beauteous child in his mimic uniform—a coat of dark blue, with white breast-plate, red epaulets, and bearskin cap, seemingly almost too heavy for his little head."

PAUL MORPHY COMING HOME.

The *Express* correspondent writes: "Paul Morphy is about to leave us sooner than he had intended, family affairs calling him immediately to the United States. He quits Paris on Wednesday next, and will probably sail for New York in the steamer which leaves Liverpool on the following Saturday. It is, however, possible that he may spend a few days in England, postponing his departure for home a week longer; but his numerous friends and admirers may certainly look for his arrival in your city before the end of April. The speech with which that 'elephant' is to be presented to the young conqueror might as well be prepared at once, and every arrangement made to give him the ovation which his extraordinary talents so justly merit.

THE JAPANESE DOCTOR PLAYED OUT.

"Dr. Velpeau, the celebrated surgeon, who opened the doors of the charity hospital to the experiments of Vries, the 'Black Doctor,' yesterday read a long report before the Academy of Medicine, in which he declares that Vries has never cured a case of cancer, and that he is an empiric of the worst description, against whom it is the duty of scientific men to warn the ignorant public. The doors of the hospital have been closed against Vries, and his race is run. The police will probably interdict his further practice of medicine in France.

MR. REED IN PARIS.

"Hon. M. B. Reed, late Minister of the United States to China, arrived in Paris on Sunday morning last. He has had an interview with General Ward, his official successor, who is now *en route* to his post. Mr. Reed will leave for home about a fortnight hence."

A COLD-BLOODED MURDER.

A strange affair is related in the *Gazette des Tribunaux:* "As a nobleman of Fuendalajon, province of Saragossa, was, four days ago, with his two daughters, taking a ride on horseback on the road to Borja, followed by three servants, a young man fashionably dressed, but with his face covered with a mask, galloped up, and, without saying a word, fired from a double-barreled pistol two shots at the elder of the young ladies, after which he continued his route and disappeared. The young lady, being mortally wounded, fell from her saddle and expired! On examination, it appeared that she had been struck by two balls, one of which had penetrated to the heart, the other to near the shoulder-blade. It is not doubted that the assassin was a rejected suitor of the lady; but as she had refused more than one applicant for her hand, it is not known which it was."

AUSTRIA.

ATTITUDE OF THE GOVERNMENT.

An analysis is published of Count Buol's reply to the Russian proposal for the Congress. He declares the whole difficulty is to be found in the policy of Piedmont, and regards the Congress as the means of putting an end to the danger with which she threatens Europe. He adds, should other questions be mooted, they ought to be stated beforehand, and that the clash of arms should not accompany negotiations. Piedmont will disarm; Austria will do so likewise. Until the preliminaries are settled, Austria may relax, but will not suspend operations—her troops will continue to march toward Italy.

Advices from Milan state that the following order of the day has been posted in the barracks in that town:

"Austrian Soldiers! the Emperor calls you round his banners to beat down for the third time the pride of Piedmont—to expel from their den those fanatics who destroy the tranquillity of Europe. Advance against the enemies who have always fled before you. Remember the victories of 1848 and 1849—remember Novara, where your foes were dispersed and annihilated. Let our watchword be '*Evviva il Imperatore,*' our rights forever."

CRISIS AT VIENNA.

The Vienna correspondent of the *Times* telegraphs as follows: "The long-expected crisis is at hand. A corps of 50,000 men goes from this city to Italy to-morrow, and on the following day another corps of 60,000 men is to be assembled here. A reserve corps of 70,000 men will be placed in Bohemia and Moravia. The reserve of the army in Italy, and of the corps about to leave this city, has been called in."

ITALY.

THE POLICY OF SARDINIA.

Count Cavour has written a dispatch to the Sardinian Minister at London, from which the following are extracts:

"As her Britannic Majesty's Government has acknowledged the abnormal state of Italy, and promised to Sardinia that England would endeavor to find a remedy for the evils complained of, the Sardinian Government, availing itself of such promises, and reserving its liberty of action in case Austria should abstain for the future from committing aggressive acts, Sardinia is ready to give her assurance that it is not her intention to attack Austria. And she agrees on this subject to make a declaration the same as that contained in the dispatch of Count Buol, which, in reality, is nothing but a long and bitter accusation against Sardinia and the politics of the Cabinet over which I have the honor to preside.

HOW AUSTRIA IS ACTING.

"The contrast presented by Piedmont with the provinces under the dominion of Austria is too striking not to produce a profound irritation in Austria. The example of Piedmont proving, contrary to the assertion of Count Buol, that the Italians are susceptible of a liberal and progressive *régime*, makes the military system of Austria more hateful to the people of the Italian Peninsula. The corporal punishments, the ever-augmenting taxation, the fatal financial measures, and the abandonment to the clergy of the rights of the State, make the contrast more obvious.

"We acknowledge, therefore, that the liberty of Piedmont is a danger and a menace for Austria. According to Austria, there are only two things to do—destroy the liberal institutions of Italy, or keep up her dominion over all Italy—to prevent contagion from spreading over the other states of the peninsula which have not enough strength at their disposal for suppressing the voice of the people. It is the second alternative which Austria has embraced, waiting the later arrival, and indirect action, the realization of the first indicated means.

"Austria, up to the present moment, has succeeded, by secret treaties with Parma, Modena, and Tuscany, and by the indefinite occupation of the Romagna (which is not now about to cease, according to the declarations of Vienna and Rome), and by the considerable fortifications she has so constructed, in making herself mistress of Central Italy, and thus binding Piedmont with a circle of iron.

"It is against such a state of things, which is not justified by the treaties of Vienna, that Sardinia has not ceased to protest for many years, calling for the intervention and support of the great Powers who signed the treaties of 1815.

"Such a state of things has for a long time constituted a threatening danger to Piedmont, aggravated of late by extraordinary armaments and other aggressive acts on the part of Austria, which have forced the Government of the King to adopt defensive measures and call the contingents under arms.

"It is proposed that this state of things should cease; that Austrian dominion in Italy should enter within the limits formally stipulated by treaties; that Austria should disarm, and that Sardinia, while deploring the unhappy fate of the population on the other side of the Ticino, should confine her efforts, as England has often recommended her to do, toward a pacific propaganda calculated more and more to enlighten public opinion in Europe on the Italian question and to prepare the elements for a future solution.

"But so long as our neighbors group round them and against us all the States of Italy which border on us, and while they can freely march their troops on the banks of the Po and up to the Apennines; so long as they can hold Piacenza (transformed into a fortress of the first order), continually threatening our frontier, it will be impossible for us to remain defenseless in the face of the provoking and armed attitude of Austria."

A MAD COMMANDANT.

A Milan letter says: "An attempt at murder was made lately on the Corso Francesco, near a military post, the victim being a commissary of police named Rossi. He received seven stabs with a knife, but is not dead. Politics, however, appear to have had nothing to do with this crime. The town of Brescia was lately on the point of being bombarded. The military commandant of the place was suddenly seized with madness, and actually gave orders for sending a shower of shell and shot from the citadel on the houses of the inhabitants. A lieutenant, struck by the wild looks of the commandant, went into the town to see what was going on, and found every thing tranquil. On his return he felt convinced that the commandant had lost his senses, and he took upon himself to give counter-orders. Soon after, the commanding officer was replaced."

SWITZERLAND.

ANOTHER MORTARA CASE.

A Swiss journal says: "The Supreme Court of Thurgan has just given a decision in a case resembling the Mortara affair. A Catholic died lately at Eschenz, leaving a widow, a Protestant, a Protestant child aged eleven, and a child who had been baptized according to the Catholic rites. As the two children were attached to each other, and as the eldest had always attended the Protestant school of Eschenz, the mother thought proper to send the younger there likewise, whereupon the managers of the Catholic Church of Tyfan energetically protested against the decision of the mother, and demanded that the child should be sent to the Catholic school of Eschenz. The mother refused to do this on account of the excellent instruction which she wished to procure for her child, supporting her own view of the case on her maternal rights. She said the education of her child was confided to her care; that she alone bore the responsibility; and that until that time she had faithfully discharged all her duties, as she could certify by proofs. The managers of the Catholic school persisted, on their side, in their demand for confessional reasons, declaring that she filled the place of her husband, of whom she was authorized to exercise the rights. The mother declared, on the contrary, that with respect to confession she had no objection, and she did not refuse to send her child to the Catholic church there to receive instructions in the Catholic faith from the priest, only she reserved the right of causing her child to be taught as she thought proper. The tribunal of the district of Steekborn, believing itself incompetent to act in the matter, referred it to the Supreme Court, which did not hesitate to decide the case, and pronounced in favor of the rights of the mother. A circumstance which adds interest to the process is, that the cause of the mother was pleaded by a Conservative advocate, and that of the Catholic managers by a Radical advocate."

PARAGUAY.

RETURN OF THE SQUADRON.

The United States steamer *Harriet Lane*, Captain Faunce, from Montevideo on the 12th of March, arrived at Quarantine on Thursday.

The United States frigate *St. Lawrence* sailed from Montevideo the day before. The following vessels would sail from Montevideo for the United States as soon as they could be prepared for sea, and the entire squadron it was supposed would be on their way home by the 1st of April: Frigate *Sabine* (flagship), Commodore Shubrick, with Judge Bowlin on board; sloop *Falmouth*, sloop *Preble*, steamers *Atlanta*, *Memphis*, *Caledonia*, *Southern Star*, *Fulton*, *Water Witch*, *W. W. Chapin*, and storeship *Supply*. The *Metacomet* had been condemned as unseaworthy, and would remain at Montevideo till orders were received from Washington in regard to her. The following vessels will remain on the Brazil station under the command of Charles Steedman, viz.:—Brigs *Dolphin*, *Bainbridge*, and *Perry*. The storeship *Release* will remain on the station for a few months. The health of the officers and men of the squadron was good. Lieutenant Commanding F. B. Renshaw, late commander of the *Bainbridge*, is a passenger on board the *Harriet Lane*. Lieutenant R. returns home on account of ill health, and is also bearer of dispatches to Washington. The *Harriet Lane* left New York, October 9, since which she steamed 16,982 miles and sailed 827 miles. Total 17,809 miles.

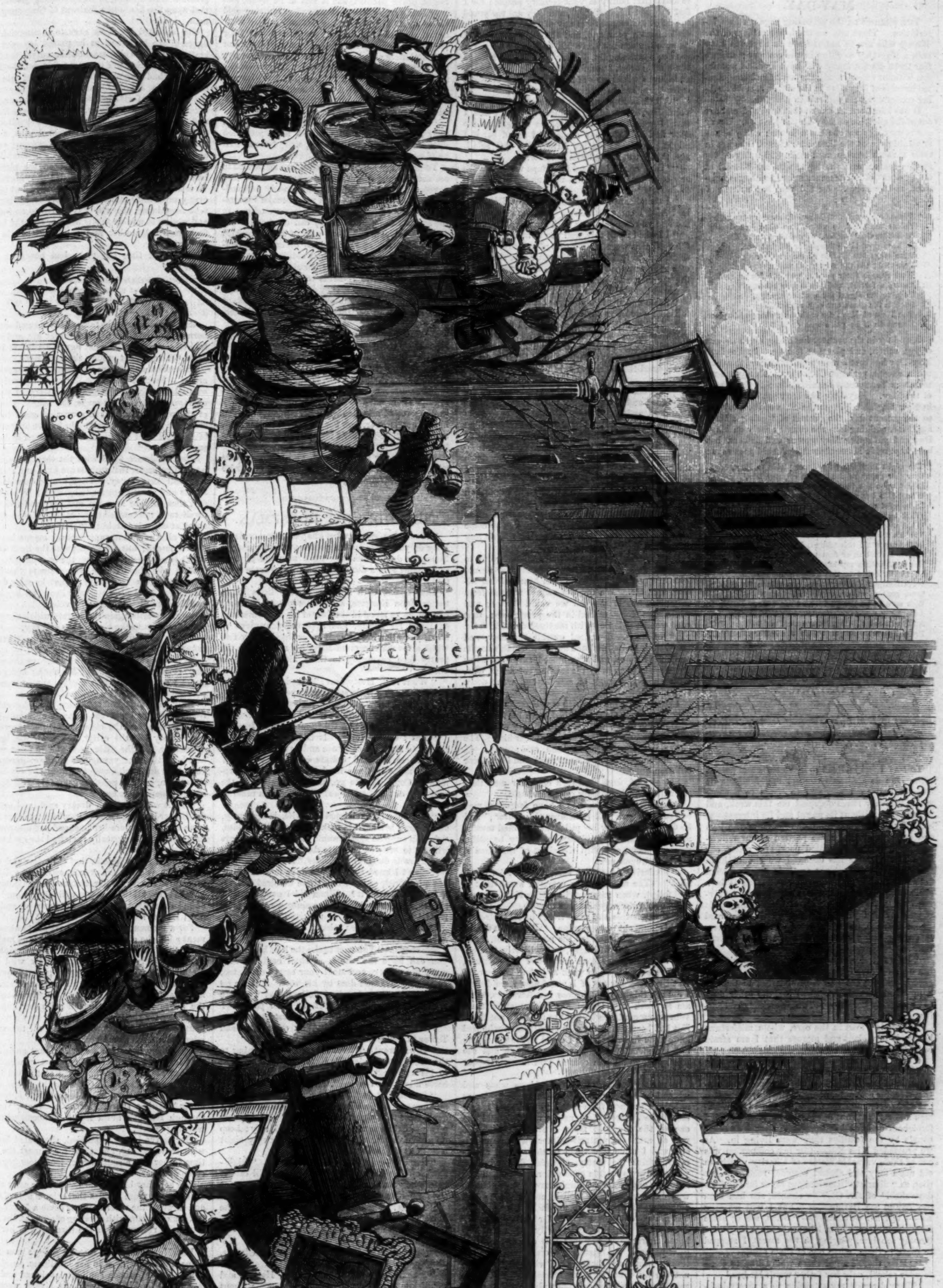
HOW PEACE WAS MADE.

The *Post* says that a private letter from a gentleman connected with the Paraguay expedition, received by the *Harriet Lane*, and dated Montevideo, March 8, 1859, contains the following paragraphs:

"After getting all our vessels in fighting order, we left for Corrientes, which was to be our rendezvous; but before reaching the place we met the Commissioner and the rest of his party coming down, the fuss having ended in negotiation. Lopez was much frightened, and therefore grateful that he was approached civilly and treated with consideration. The affair terminated, not only in such expressions as the Spanish language alone is capable of, but in a *hugging match* between Lopez and Judge Bowlin. The last was a scene worth seeing; Lopez, who is about the same beam as keel, attempting to reach the shoulder of the Commissioner with his short fat arms, while the Commissioner vainly strove to embrace what must have seemed to him a huge rotund hogshead! Our people, nevertheless, were highly delighted with the result, especially the Commissioner, who congratulates himself in having amicably terminated, by his diplomacy and address, what might have been 'a bloody war.' Without our nine and eleven inch guns, however, he might as well have whistled jigs to a mile-stone as attempt to bring Lopez to terms. It is understood that, by the terms of the treaty, Captain Page's expedition will not be interfered with, but that it will be allowed to proceed. For the man's family who was killed on board of the *Water Witch* the full demand of ten thousand dollars was allowed, and the money is paid. Lopez offered to indemnify the Company to the amount of $240,000, and pay the money on the spot; but as the sum falls short of what was asked, the matter is referred to an arbitration, which is to be held in Washington; he appointed one arbitrator, our Government another, and the two choosing a third.

"There was a jollification in the squadron at Corrientes on the news of peace. We were invited to a grand ball, which was returned by a ball on board of the *Harriet Lane*. Then the Commissioner was invited by Urquiza to visit him at his residence, and Captain Page was also invited, but was unable to attend."

MAY-DAY IN THE COUNTRY.



MAY-DAY IN THE CITY.

MAY-DAY.

The pictures on the preceding page need no description. There are, we trust, few readers of the *Weekly* who are so unfortunate as never to have seen a May-Day morning in the country; and we fear there are not many who have lived to mature age without experiencing the acute and complicated agonies of May-Day in the city. A more striking contrast it were difficult to imagine.

It has long been an axiom that food and rest are out of the question on May-Day in the city. Every one is moving; no one has a house; every one is miserable except the licensed cartmen, who are in their seventh heaven, and make $25 a day easily at this season, and the boys, who are blissful at the prospect of excitement, noise, breakages, mischief, and leakages. An old poet has written of May-Day in the city:

"There is a sport well-known in country-towns,
Yclept the toilet, in which I've often joined
At milkmaids' parties, where the humor lies
In having chairs enough for all but one,
Who takes the middle of the happy ring,
Unseated; till the signal given, all
Must change their places; who obtains no seat
Incurs a forfeit, and the centre takes,
To give the signal for another change.
Such is the game our city represents
The First of May; for each must change his place,
Uncertain if he get a seat or no."

May-Day in the country has always been a scene of joy, mirth, and pleasant feeling. In England May-Day has been a more popular festival than any other, except, perhaps, Christmas. Every one remembers Tennyson's beautiful lines to the Queen of the May. May-Day has been equally honored in New England. From the time of the Puritans to the present day, the custom of "going a Maying," *i, e.* walking into the country early on May-Day and gathering May greens and flowers, has been kept up in Massachusetts. An old poet says:

"The night in which pale April yields to May,
How few enjoy repose! The country lass,
Intent upon the morning walk, with him
Who holds her gentle heart, on various plans
In hopeful cogitations, spends the night—
What hat or ribband will become her best—
What most will tend to make herself outvie
The blushing fragrant month they rise to hail.
O, by my soul! this '*Maying*' has delights
Which I shall ne'er forget, 'while memory holds
Her seat' within my brain. In youth's fair dawn,
I forward look'd to this delightful hour
With feelings—feelings none can paint; for then,
Some gentle, artless, unaffected nymph
Was sure to be the partner of my walk,
Accept my nosegays (sweetened by her breath),
And, without chiding, let me steal a kiss
From lips more fragrant than the flower she held."

OUR SPECIAL PARIS CORRESPONDENCE.

Romance in Real Life—Touching Case of Distress—Singular Recognition—The Dying Artist—Prospects of pretty Martha, etc.

Paris, *March* 31, 1850.

To-day I feel inclined to leave balls and parties—the Duc de C——n's concert and Madame de G——'s ball—and ask you to listen to a story which has very much occupied me this week, and which is not without its moral and its interest—at least, for those who care for the recital of the joys and sorrows of that large portion of our fellow-mortals who may be called poor, and whom our Lord and Saviour has declared we should have "always with us." That truth is stronger than fiction is frequently said, and so it often is in a great centre like Paris, where events and revolving circumstances bring about almost incredible rencontres and juxtapositions. This may read like a romance, but every word of time and place is strictly true; nothing but the name is fictitious.

A lady friend of mine, who employs much of a life which Heaven has blessed with ease and affluence in seeking out and administering to the unhappy and necessitous, asked me, the other day, to accompany her in one of these errands of charity; for she said,

"There is a man in the case, whom misfortune has made so violent and morose that I am afraid to go by myself."

I consented; and one bright spring morning last week we took our way together toward the quartier of the Batignolles, where, beyond the barrier, live, for economy, many of the poorer English—a class very numerous here, composed of workmen and servants out of place, who have married foreigners or been left here from illness or other causes by the families they were living in. As we proceeded Miss K—— (for my companion was one of those valuable Sisters of Charity which an old maid may and should become) related to me that, as "district visitor and purveyor for the Sunday-school" of Mr. G——'s church, she had been one day to the Batignolles—but I will let Miss K—— tell her own story—"when, seeing some English children, whom I knew because they were Sunday scholars, playing in the street, I stopped to speak to them, when one of them said,

"'Miss, there's a gal there would like to come to your school, only her father won't let her.'

"They directed my attention to a pretty-looking girl of about twelve years of age, sitting on a door-step opposite, engaged with a piece of coarse embroidery, and two other little girls with her, evidently younger sisters. I crossed over to speak to her. She seemed very shy, and blushed very much, and looked frightened when I asked her her name, and if she would like to come to the school, etc., when the concierge of the house, who, as is often the case in these humble dwellings, occupied a sort of cell in the front, where she could hear and see every thing that passed, came out and said to me, of course in French,

"'Oh! ma'am, if you could contrive in any way to assist that family of your country people; for I fear they are in great want, and they are too proud to accept assistance from any of us. The mother died about a year ago, and the father is very ill new; often can not leave his bed, and will never get down stairs again. They have lodged here, in two small rooms, *au sixième*, for the last two years, and there are four girls of them, the eldest of whom is fourteen, and takes care of the rest.'

"All this was poured out to me with true French volubility, but evident kindness of heart; and I turned again to question Alice, as the girl at the door had told she was named. I asked her if I might go up and see her father, who was so ill, and that I would send him a doctor.

"'Oh! no, no,' she said. 'Papa would not see any one; and it made him very angry to ask him to do so.'

"I then heard another girl's voice, calling, 'Alice! Alice! come up stairs. You know papa does not like you to be talking with strangers.'

"I looked up at this, and there, in a window in the roof, as it were, with a sort of balcony, or rather railing, to it, I descried the outline of the figure of a man, wrapped in a blanket, and a young girl, the speaker, and who, as the concierge informed me, was the eldest, and named 'Miss Martha.'

"Alice and the two younger children took their toilsome way up to their '*sixième*,' and there, after some farther talk with the concierge, I determined to follow them. When I knocked at the door I could hear a man's voice, loud and angry, though hoarse, as it were, with disease. Such a pretty girl opened the door, and said at once, in a whisper,

"'Oh, marm, do not come here; I know you are very good and kind, but my father is too ill to see strangers, and—'

"She was interrupted by the man's saying, 'Shut that door, Martha, and keep out all those prying pretenders to charity!'

"The poor girl obeyed, and I took my way down stairs disappointed, but more than ever desirous of being able to do them some good.

"Now this was early last week, and I heard on Sunday from some of my scholars and their neighbors that Mr. Jones was much worse, and quite confined to his bed, and I have asked you to come with me to-day to see if it is possible to do any thing for him."

It was agreed between us that I should go up to the door with the concierge, and that she should take in my card, and say I had heard of his illness, etc., etc. We did not expect success from this plan, but it was all we could devise; and while Miss K—— waited in the porter's den, that good woman toiled up with me those dreadful "six pair" of stairs. I waited outside the door, and heard through its ill-closed boards the man's hoarse and feeble voice, and was indeed surprised when I was asked to go in by the smiling concierge, who, with an exclamation of satisfaction, went down stairs.

I entered the room, which was clean in its great air of misery. On a small bed, with his face turned from me to the wall, was the figure of a man, and a very beautiful girl standing near him. The father, without turning his head, said:

"Martha, go into the next room and keep those children quiet."

She obeyed, first placing a chair for me; then the man turned suddenly round and said,

"I know you, though you have forgotten me; but perhaps you will remember this better;" and he drew from under his pillow and pushed toward me a well-painted miniature of a very beautiful young woman, and with the sight of that face it all flashed upon me.

"Frederick Jones!" I said, "can it be possible?" (The name was so common a one that it had failed, when mentioned by Miss K——, to recall any former acquaintance to me.)

"Yes, possible and most true," he said, stretching his hand out to meet mine. "But she is dead," he added, looking toward the picture I held, "and *I killed her*, not willingly, but willfully though. She could not bear it on account of the children, and she was obliged to work at last to keep us all. But God took her out of it; and now I am dying. I did not think so until these last few days, but I am so weak now that I know it must be that. When your card was brought to me, I do not think if it had been one of my own countrymen who had known me in better days I could have seen them; but I remembered you as always kind, and she liked you, and I can consult you about her poor children."

I must now pause to relate here when and where I had known this poor fellow. Many years ago, in a journey from England to Paris, I first met these Joneses, then newly married, and she one of the loveliest faces I ever beheld. He was an artist—a portrait-painter—with some talent, and I often saw them in their small apartment, which the pretty, cheerful, devoted little woman always kept in good order. If he had had industry and order he might have got on, but he was extravagant and foolish, and when he had money would spend it so unwisely, though there was always out of it a present for Bella of a costly dress, or an almost equally costly bouquet of hot-house flowers. Mrs. Jones was one of those angelic-natured, self-sacrificing creatures—one of those "saints and martyrs" of which the world is not worthy, much less any mortal husband. She asked me sometimes to expostulate with and advise Jones, and I did so; but it was not of much use, and things went badly with them as I feared; when one autumn, about four years ago, on returning to Paris from my usual summer's absence, I found a letter from Jones, written in cheerful spirits, saying he was going to Brussels with his wife and—even then—*four children*, where living was cheaper, and where he thought he had a good opening for his art.

I heard nothing more of them but once, that he was doing well, until this meeting. He told me that he did nothing at Brussels. He went into the world and tried to make acquaintances who might prove patrons, but it was of no avail, and only led to frightful expense; and at last they sold off every thing, which only sufficed to pay their debts, and they came back to Paris; but their poverty and his pride made them shy of former acquaintances; and poor 'Bella' was taken away, and sorrow and despair so wore upon the husband's strong frame but weak nature, that now he was dying too. When this had all been told he asked me to call Martha from the other room, who looked much surprised when I said,

"I am happy to find an old acquaintance in your father, Miss Martha, and I have prevailed upon him to see a medical man, who, I trust, will be of use to him."

To finish my long story, Jones has consented to see not only the doctor, but also our excellent and devoted clergyman, and who has already persuaded him that the pride which would make him refuse assistance for his children is very odious in the sight of God; and that he can not hope to rejoin his beloved and pious wife in a better world unless he gives up this and all other wrong feelings in this. The two younger children have been placed at school, to relieve their sister of the care of them, and Alice remains to assist in waiting upon their father. But they are all in good hands now, and poor Jones has even consented to admit Miss K——, and delights in her gentle ministering.

Again I say this may *read* like romance, but I repeat it is truth; and I have even omitted many details which would have heightened the coloring of my story, such as a description of Martha's extreme beauty. "Like her, is she not?" the poor father said to me yesterday, as he saw my eye resting upon her. We shall not leave this young lady in dangerous Paris, but when her attendance upon her father is over, put her to school in England, and in due time find her a husband in India or Australia.

But my paper is exhausted, and to my readers who are not satisfied with me *this* week, I promise to be more entertaining the next.

THE MIDNIGHT HORSEMAN.

"Hester, woman, what ails you this morning? Why do you make such a pother over my going to Bruce, to-day, when you have seen me go and come home safe a dozen times since we were married?"

Thus spoke, with a little, a very little impatience, John Burgess, a stalwart young Vermont farmer, as he stood in the door of his old homestead equipped for riding, and apparently anxious to start, yet allowing himself to be detained by two white arms which wound about his neck, while the pretty face belonging to them hid itself in his bosom.

"What is it, Hetty dear?" asked he again, in a softer tone, as a little sob smote upon his heart.

"I don't know, John," murmured the young woman. "But I can't bear you should go. Do, do give it up—put it off till to-morrow, at least."

"But I can't, Hetty. It is to-day that Jones agreed to meet me at Bruce and pay for those cattle. Three hundred dollars is worth a ride of twenty miles in these hard times—eh, little woman? Come, let me go, and you shall have the best fifty out of it to do jest what you're a mind to with."

"Oh, John!" exclaimed the wife, indignantly, and raising her head to look reproachfully at him, "do you suppose *money* would make me any more willing to see you run into danger, if I was sure that there is danger? Besides," added she, archly, "don't I know that I could have not only fifty, but a hundred, or the whole three hundred dollars, if I should ask for it? When did I ever want for any thing you could give me since we were married?"

"Yes, yes, and see what I get by it," replied John, anxious to retain the smile on his young wife's cheek. "You won't take the half loaf unless you can have the whole. I shall begin to hide away my money, and steal your eggs to sell, too, as Deacon Gradson does by his wife. Let me go and get the three hundred dollars, and we'll see then if it all goes into that sly little pocket of yours. Here's Lightfoot—now I *must* go."

"Stop a minute, John. Why can't you send Tower to Bruce instead of going yourself?"

"Tower went off with his gun this morning to the woods, and besides—" Here Burgess whispered in his wife's ear that the little boy who held the horse might not overhear.

"I shouldn't just like to trust Tower with so much money. He's in difficulties, and— Well, I don't want to say any harm of him, but I'd rather go myself than send him. Good-by, Hetty; keep up a good heart, and you'll see me back by eight o'clock at the farthest."

"Good-by, John," said the wife, sadly. "Lightfoot's off fore-shoe is so loose I guess he'll cast it before he gets home," remarked Jimmy Tower, as the farmer was about to mount.

"So 'tis!" exclaimed Burgess, examining the horse's foot. "But I sha'n't get it fixed at Bruce, for the smith up there don't know any more about his trade than I do about manty-making. To-morrow you may ride him down to old Clark's, Jimmy, and have it set."

"I shall have music to ride by, Hetty; and you'll know whether it's me come home, without looking out, for the plaguy thing will clatter every step the old fellow makes, like those watchmen's rattles we heard last year down to Boston."

And with a somewhat forced laugh the farmer touched his horse's flank with the birchen wand which he held and rode away.

Hester stood looking after him with a faint smile, watching his retreating figure, and listening to the monotonous click clack of the loose shoe, which, as John had predicted, marked every step which the horse took with a loud and peculiar sound.

Soon the smile faded quite away, and an expression almost stern, in its foreboding gloom, settled upon the handsome features of the young woman.

She strained her dark eyes to distinguish the figure of the horseman as he passed between the scattered trees, which marked the outskirts of the forest surrounding her on every side, for the Burgess farm had been cleared of its primeval oaks and chestnuts by John's father, and was still one of the outposts of civilization. Bruce, the nearest town, being ten miles away, through a dense forest, unbroken by any evidence of man's habitation, saving where, in its very darkest depths, a few charred and half-consumed logs, a yawning cellar and a choked well, remained gloomy memorials of a little cabin which had once been the pleasant home of a young hunter named Davy Murdock. To it he had brought a fair young wife; but in the first year of their marriage, the husband being absent from home, the wife gave birth to an infant, and while yet unable to stir hand or foot the house took fire, and mother and child perished in the flames.

Since that time the place had borne an evil name; for

"Over all there hung a cloud of fear.
A sense of mystery the spirit daunted,
And said, as plain as whisper in the ear,
'The place is haunted!'"

Lonely travelers told tales of groans and shrieks borne upon the trembling midnight air, and some told of seeing a white clad figure, an infant in its arms, flitting about among the dark trees.

Pioneers are called superstitious. Perhaps they are so. Perhaps it is that living lonely and self-centred lives, with the grand mystery of nature ever pressing on their sense, the solemn stillness of the woods ever in their ears, they grow to perceive and understand more of the hidden phenomena of nature and of life than do busier men in busier scenes.

Their souls are filled with the thought-teeming hush of solitude, their minds are ever in a state of watchful expectancy. They are surrounded by sights and sounds not made by men. What wonder, then, if thus they see and hear and feel what dwellers in the towns know nothing of, and do but sneer at when it is told to them.

We all know that supernatural means beyond, above nature; but who can point the limit of nature's power—who can draw the boundary?

And who should hope to penetrate the inner arcana of nature's mystery, if not he who dwells among her lonely haunts, who lies upon her heart and listens to her murmuring voice?

But if he tells again the secrets which she whispers him, men shake their heads and say,

"Nay, this is not nature; 'tis beyond—'tis supernatural."

So no one came forward to "improve the clearing" commenced by David Murdock; and as the years went by the forest slowly, surely regained possession of its ancient freehold.

Only with the timid shrinking of wild creatures from whatever bears the impress of man's hand the trees avoided the close vicinity of the ruined hut. They left the cellar, the well, the broken door-stone, and the little grass-plat in front, which had been the poor young wife's flower-garden, to be hidden and buried out of sight by the dry leaves of autumn, and the pensive, graceful forest flowers of a Northern summer.

Still it was a sad and dreary spot, and as such did Hester Burgess think of it, while, her eyes fixed upon the point where her husband had disappeared in the forest, she mentally reviewed the road which he must travel.

"A man might hide in that old cellar and shoot him down without his ever knowing who did it," murmured she. "And perhaps some one, knowing he is to bring all that money, will follow him. Oh, John! dear, dear, John! why did you go, and why did I let you?"

For a moment she wept in passionate abandonment; but the education of New England maidens has still a savor of Puritanical self-restraint and decorous reserve, so that, after a few wild sobs, Hester Burgess wiped her eyes, glanced quickly about her to make sure that the unwonted emotion had been unobserved, and then quietly re-entered the house and busied herself with her domestic business; for though young, Hester was a notable housewife, and performed unaided all the varied labors of a farmer's *ménage*.

Still, busy herself as she might, not an hour of that long summer afternoon passed in which she did not glance more than once at the old black clock; which, tall and upright in the corner of the low-browed kitchen, ticked out its "Forever—never," with a sharp, vibrant clearness, ringing through Hester's brain like a half-comprehended warning of evil.

Her active labors concluded, she seated herself with some sewing, and then, for almost the first time in her life, a sensation of loneliness began to creep over her.

She held her breath and listened for some sound of life, some voice besides that solemn note of time, and through the utter stillness came a heavy muffled sound which, with a feeling of affright, the lonely woman recognized as the throbbing of her own heart.

Not Mariana in her moated grange was more alone, more heart-sick in her loneliness.

The still afternoon sunlight lay broad and yellow upon the kitchen floor, and Hester went and sat down in its midst, feeling a vague companionship with the warmth and brightness.

Then going to the door she gazed long and earnestly down the road on which no moving thing was visible.

Her eyes returning from their vain quest, fell upon the cabin, a few rods distant, in which dwelt Job Tower, her husband's "hired man," alone with his little boy.

This man had originally been hired by John Burgess's father, and had brought a wife with him when he first came to inhabit the little house which his employer had helped him to build; but she had

died several years before Hester had been brought home a bride, and the desolate condition of the father and son was a frequent subject of compassion to the kind-hearted young wife, although the gloomy misanthropic character of the man, and his sullen sidelong manner, were more calculated to excite aversion than sympathy.

Now, however, Hester felt that she should have been glad to see even Tower, for she was fast yielding to that panic of nameless terror, in which one flies headlong, with curdling blood and stiffening hair, to seek in human companionship shelter and protection from he knows not what horror of solitude.

But the little cabin was as silent and deserted as if no one had entered it for weeks. Even Jimmy had gone on some boyish expedition to the woods.

Hester with a sigh returned, and seating herself in the patch of sunlight tried to accompany her needle with one of the sacred hymns to which her musical education had been restricted, but after a few notes her voice quavered and died away. She cast a timid glance about her, her work slid from her fingers, and, rising precipitately, she stole from the house swiftly but cautiously as if she feared to arouse a sleeping enemy.

Nor did she draw breath till she stood at some distance from the house, upon the soft green turf, with nature at least for a companion.

Here she remained until, as the sun was setting, Jimmy entered the clearing by the Bruce road, driving the cows before him, while a few minutes later Tower appeared, coming from the opposite direction.

Hester walked forward to meet the boy.

"Did you see any thing of Mr. Burgess, Jimmy?" asked she.

"No'm, I only come a little piece along the road; the pesky critters strayed inter the timber, and I had a hunt arter 'em. Hullo, there's dad!" continued the boy, as Tower, approaching from the opposite direction, came within speaking distance.

"I say, dad," called Jimmy at the top of his voice, "hain't you shot nothin'?"

"N-o, blast ye," snarled Tower, showing his teeth like an angry wolf, and muttering curses and blasphemies as he strode into his own hut and slammed the door.

"Wa-al, ye needn't be so mad, old man. Guess 'tain't my fault if ye hain't!" ejaculated the boy, after a surprised stare at the closed door. "I heerd the gun go off too," continued he, in a lower voice; "heerd it twicst—guess he missed his shot, and that's what's riled him so. Don't you'm?"

"I can't tell, Jimmy," replied his mistress, who, though surprised and somewhat alarmed at the violence which had replaced Tower's usual sullen gloom, did not think it proper to discuss his conduct with the boy.

Mentally resolving to beg her husband not to leave her again alone with such a surly companion, she dismissed the subject from her thoughts and said, cheerfully,

"I will help you milk to-night, Jimmy. It is late, and I don't believe you can get through alone before dark."

"I can call dad," said the boy, with a mischievous grin.

"No, no," replied Hester, quickly, and glancing apprehensively at the little cabin. "He—he's tired, I suppose, and you'd better not disturb him. I like to milk."

The boy made no farther reply, and the task was completed in silence.

Jimmy carried the foaming pails into the kitchen, and then ran over to his father's house.

Hester felt inclined to ask him to stay with her, but a disinclination to own her vague terror kept her silent.

Glancing at the clock, she saw by the fading light that the hands were on the stroke of eight.

"He said he would be here by eight at the farthest," murmured she, going to the door and looking anxiously toward the forest, where the black shadows of night were already brooding.

No one was in sight except Jimmy, who returned slowly toward the house.

"Dad won't let me in," said he, rather sheepishly. "He says he's gone to bed sick, and won't git up for no one."

"Never mind, Jimmy, you can stay with me," said his mistress, very cordially. You can sleep on the settle in the kitchen, and I will give you a nice bowl of the new milk for your supper."

Jimmy's face brightened at once, and he entered the house, where he soon sat down to the promised repast. Various rustic dainties were also set out to refresh the traveler when he should return; but at half past eight every preparation was concluded, and Hester was reluctantly obliged to light the candles, which she had deferred doing till the last moment, as the very act seemed at once to convert lingering day into decided night.

Another half hour, and Jimmy was sound asleep in his extempore bed upon the settle.

Slowly and tearfully the young wife put away the untasted supper, and restored the kitchen to its usual nightly order.

Then, with the chilliness of sorrow and loneliness, she seated herself and gazed abstractedly into its bright depths, while unnoticed tears as bright, and well-nigh as scorching, fell silently upon her folded hands.

Sitting thus, she dreamed over the two short years of her married life. She recalled the loving words and tender caresses which were ever on her husband's lips and in his heart. She thought of the manly strength and beauty of which she was so proud. She thought of the protecting care ever enveloping her, and shielding her from every hardship and fatigue, even such as she had been accustomed to in her girlhood.

She murmured over the endearing phrases with which he had welcomed her to her new home, and blushed as she repeated them.

The clock struck ten.

Hester started.

"Oh, he will not come to-night!" whispered she, in a despairing tone, and the tears fell so thick and fast that she could hardly see the verse in her little Bible, which she read as she had done every night since she was a child.

Generally she read it aloud, but to-night there was no one to listen, and the only sound which broke the stillness of the night was the deep warning-note of the old clock.

Hastily covering the fire, Hester went into her bedroom, and after one long melancholy gaze out into the night, now lighted by a moon nearly full, she sought her lonely couch and tried to sleep.

But sleep, when most sought, coquettishly keeps aloof, and Hester Burgess, whether tossing restlessly from side to side, or lying resolutely motionless, could not for one instant lose her consciousness of that lonely forest road, that desolate ruin, and the unarmed traveler who must traverse the one and pass the other.

She recalled all the stories she had heard of mysterious sights and sounds haunting that deserted clearing, and though she had been wont, in the gay incredulity of youth, to laugh them to scorn, she could not do so now.

The night wore on.

Eleven o'clock, and twelve, tolled solemnly from the old clock, and Hester, exhausted by emotion and unwonted watching, was falling into an uneasy sleep, when suddenly her eyes flew open, and she started upright in her bed.

She had heard the sharp trot of a horse, mingled with the click clack of the loose shoe, by which her husband had bid her mark his return.

She jumped up and ran to the window.

Nothing. No one. Only the dusty road sleeping in the white moonlight. Only the dark forest rustling softly in the midnight air.

"It was a dream," murmured Hester, with a sigh, and sadly lay down again.

But the light slumber, once broken, would not return. She lay wide awake, her eyes fixed upon the patch of moonlight silvering the uncarpeted floor.

Hark! Yes surely, now it is no dream. It is a horse, and no horse but his.

Click clack, click clack.

Rising upon her elbow, Hester listened breathlessly for several minutes. The sound approached—was close at the door.

Springing from her bed, the young wife joyously ran to greet her husband.

She stood upon the threshold. What! No one in sight!

Nay, but this time she was certain. She was certainly awake—as certainly heard him.

She stepped out upon the dewy grass and gazed with eager inquiry along the road which lay before her, quietly sleeping in the white moonlight.

She traced every foot of it, even to the spot where it was absorbed in the dark rustling forest.

Nothing. No one.

With pale compressed lips, with dark dilated eyes, with clenched hands, cold as if that July night had been mid-winter, Hester turned and gazed about her.

The barn—perhaps he had gone directly there; but no, the door was closed and fastened on the outside.

Perhaps he was hiding somewhere.

"It is a cruel jest," thought Hester, and yet the idea gave her heart the power to throb again.

Unmindful of her naked feet and scanty dress, she ran to look behind the barn, behind the house, behind Tower's cabin; she even raised her hand to knock upon his door and ask his aid, but a feeling of repugnance interposed.

Had any lonely traveler have seen her thus gliding about with her white drapery, her dark floating hair, her wild eager eyes, her bloodless cheeks and lips, he might indeed have gone away convinced that he had seen a phantom.

The search was fruitless. All lay quiet in the repose of midnight. Above shone the cold, sad moon, which had seen the whole, yet could return no answer to the piteous, questioning glance which Hester cast toward her as she re-entered the house.

Opening a window which commanded both the road and the out-buildings, the wife seated herself at it, determined to watch till morning or her husband should arrive.

She heeded not the chill of her dank night-dress soaked with the heavy dew; she heeded not the wound which she had inflicted on one of her tender feet. She felt, she thought, nothing. She looked, and listened.

Hark again! Afar in the forest, what is that faint sound, scarce louder than the rustling of the midnight air among the dark leaves, yet coming rapidly nearer?

Surely this is no delusion. It is the well-known tread of her husband's horse, marked at every step by that peculiar sound which was to be her a token that it was none but him.

It has left the forest. It sounds hollow from the little bridge across the brook—it approaches—why can she not see him?

She dashes the hair back from her brow with both hands, and gazes fixedly out into the night.

There sleeps the dusty road in the weird moonlight—there rustles the dark forest: only this, and nothing more.

Nearer and nearer, louder and louder. He has left the road, and is ascending the little knoll upon which the house stands. The steps are fainter now upon the grass—indeed could scarce be heard were it not for that click clack, click clack.

Hester rises stiffly and mechanically from her chair, and goes out at the open door.

She stands upon the grass waiting for the message which that unseen horseman is bringing her.

The faint footfalls are here—they pause an instant at her side, and Hester feels herself enveloped as it were in a mantle of icy air.

Then the steps pass slowly on, and finally cease at the door of Job Tower's cabin.

A conviction sure and scathing as the levin-bolt darts through Hester's brain.

Without hesitation, yet still with that half-paralyzed movement, she glided across the grass and pushed open the door of the cabin.

In the centre of the floor stood Job Tower, completely dressed as if for flight. At his feet lay a bundle, and his trembling hands grasped a gun which terror deprived him of the power to raise. His eyes were fixed upon the door with the wild glare of a tiger at bay.

They gazed intensely at each other for a moment—each read the other's mind.

Then, close beside her, Hester heard the sound of the horse's feet as he began to retrace the road by which he had come.

Slowly raising her hand, she extended it toward the cowering wretch before her, while her stiff, white lips hoarsely whispered

"Come!"

Reluctantly, as if impelled by an irresistible force, the man obeyed, and followed her down the moonlit road toward the rustling forest.

Close before them, distinct to the ear, invisible to the eye, went the measured steps with their monotonous accompaniment.

On, on, across the bridge, beneath the scattered trees, in under the black shadow of the forest where no moonlight struggles through, and the only guide is the tread, is that fearful sound.

Mile after mile is passed, the trees grow thinner, again the moonlight flickers on their path. It is Murdock's Clearing.

They have reached its centre; the steps pause not, but, turning from the road, approach more slowly, more markedly, the ghostly ruin.

Close behind them follows Hester, close behind her the terror-stricken man, still compelled by that unseen, invincible power.

They have reached the lonely well. At its brink the footsteps suddenly cease. They have done their work, they have reached their bourne.

Hester bends over the black depth before her. At first she sees nothing, but presently a moonbeam, which has been stealing down the slimy side, reaches the bottom, and flickers uneasily upon the surface.

It shows the green coating of the stagnant pool broken and disturbed. It shows a cold white hand crisped in mortal agony, gleaming above the black water, as if raised to heaven in a demand for vengeance.

The woman does not shriek or start.

Slowly she raises her head, fixes her stern haggard eyes upon the murderer's face, and silently points to the depths below.

Awed, subjugated by those accusing eyes, the man approaches and gazes downward.

He sees, he utters a hoarse cry of horror, and wildly tossing his arms, he staggers and plunges into the gloomy depth, whose black waters sullenly close above him.

Hester remains a few moments, her arm outstretched, her eyes fixed upon the spot where Tower had stood, then turning quietly she seated herself upon the broken door-stone, fixed her eyes upon the well, and with meekly folded hands waited patiently while the ghostly moonlight faded, while the dusky shadows of the morning twilight peered out at her from the forest depths, while the mocking sun rose and shone upon her desolation.

There she was found by those whom the boy brought to seek for her.

As they approached she rose quietly, and pointing to the well, said, calmly,

"They are there—John and Tower. I don't know what they can be doing so long. Lightfoot is here somewhere, too—in the cellar I think. But he has a shoe loose; you will hear it as he walks—click clack, click clack."

They carried her to her father's house, and her weeping mother laid her in the bed, which had been hers from childhood, and tenderly nursed her there.

They never looked to see her rise again; but youth and health are sometimes cruelly strong fetters, and as one who herself had suffered once said, bitterly,

"It takes a great deal to kill a woman."

Hester Burgess arose from her sick bed, and lived several sad and silent years; but no smile ever moved those white lips, no emotion tinged that colorless cheek, or stirred the depths of those dark abstracted eyes.

She lived, but it was in the past.

Silent, awe-stricken men drew from the depths of that lonely well the bodies of the victim and the murderer.

In the pocket of the latter was the miserable sum for which he had sold body and soul, and from the breast of the murdered man was taken a bullet which fitted Tower's somewhat remarkable gun.

John Burgess was laid with his fathers in the village church-yard.

Job Tower was buried in the ruined cellar, where, probably, he had laid in wait for his victim; and so great was the horror which thenceforth hung about the spot that a new road was laid out through the forest, and Murdock's Clearing was abandoned to the ghouls and demons with whom the popular voice peoples such spots.

THE WEEKLY FARMER.

THE FLOWER-GARDEN.

WELL-SELECTED ornamental shrubs, if judiciously disposed, add greatly to the exquisite decoration of the flower-garden. Truly *gardenesque* effects are the offspring of an artistic mind. When laying out the beds avoid monotony, but do not fall into the error of incongruous combinations. Consider well agreeable combination and variety.

When rock-work finds a place in the flower-garden the cavities filled with earth should be furnished with trailing plants, which are so numerous as to form endless diversity. Among those suited to this purpose we would ask attention to the common rock-rose, the dwarf crimson-colored raspberry, the common house-leek, climbing corydalis, catch-fly, interspersed with violets, daisies, etc.

A walk arched over with wire, or other suitable material, and covered with climbing plants, affords a beautiful passage-way protected from the sun's heat.

The dwarf Dutch box makes the best and neatest edgings. It may be planted in spring. Grass-edging is not desirable, because it is so difficult to keep it in order. Sea pink, stone crop, and many other plants, are used for this purpose, but none are so popular as the dwarf Dutch box.

Excellent gravel-walks and soft, velvety green turf add greatly to the elegance and beauty of the flower-garden; but we do not like grass-walks because of their wetness in dewy and rainy weather. Some very fine specimens of gravel for walks are found on the sea-shore. A tuft of coarse grass or a vile weed on a gravel-walk is as unsightly in the flower-garden as a wart on the cheek of beauty. An application of salt will kill all weeds.

The beauty of grass will much depend on being cut often; it ought to be mown at least once in every two weeks, otherwise it will not be close and velvety.

Every lady who cultivates flowers should have a couple of rakes: one with fine and the other with coarse teeth; also a light spade and fork to take up bulbous roots, a hoe, watering-pot, and trowel for transplanting biennials and perennials. A small trowel will be necessary when removing delicate plants. A sharp pruning-knife is indispensable. A lady when working in the garden should wear an apron of stout material, having full-sized pockets in which she may carry pieces of string, pruning-knife, slips of cloth, and as occasion may require, some nails and a stout hammer. A pair of shears in good order will be wanting to trim privet, box-edgings, etc.

Pay attention to the size of the plants when putting them in place, otherwise small flowers may be hid and shaded by large ones. A garden may be viewed as a picture, the varying colors of which come and go with the kinds of plants cultivated. There should be a proper distribution throughout the grounds of the Flora of May, June, July, August, etc., thus causing pleasing contrasts, although the flowers may be in compartments; however well mixed colors may be, pleasing contrasts are lost when plants blooming in succession are too far apart. Lists of flowers, specifying colors, altitudes, time of flowering, and duration of bloom, will be very useful in deciding what should be planted and the proper time for planting.

The *carnation*, a much esteemed plant, said to be native of Germany, although sometimes found in a wild state in England, has long been a favorite for its fragrance and beauty. It is not very easily cultivated. Layering is the usual mode of propagation. The most tender or monthly carnations are grown in pots, and the hardier ones singly or in beds. *Sweet violets*, which often find a place in the boudoir, should not be forgotten; also the wild violet, which is most fragrant in spring. The *auricula* has long found a place in the gardens of the rich—while not wholly neglected in those of the poor—in Europe, but in this climate it is difficult of successful culture. It delights in a moist soil and shady situation, and may be propagated from seed, but the varieties are generally increased by dividing the roots. The *dahlia*, one of the principal ornaments of an autumnal flower-garden, and of which there are endless varieties, is said to be native of Mexico. The large tuberous roots are divided to propagate established varieties. Each portion of tuber must have an eye. New varieties are grown from seed. The dahlia delights in rich loam, and a free circulation of pure air. In the autumn the roots should be taken up, dried, and kept in a cellar free from frost. They are started in spring in leaf mould, on a hot bed, if wanted early. There are many species of the *lily*, charming flowers for the garden. Do not forget the *Iris* and *Narcissus*. The beautiful *hyacinth* is a native of the Levant, and was very much cultivated in Holland during the last century. It does best in light, rich, sandy soil.

Annual and biennial plants are easily cultivated. They may be sown where they are to bloom, kept free from weeds, and thinned out if necessary.

HARDY ANNUALS.—Some of the hardy annuals are as follows: The tri-colored Amaranth, Pheasant's eye, China Aster, Lupine, Morning Glory, Cypress Vine, Balsam or Lady's Slipper, Mignonette, Nasturtium, Canary Bird Flower, Portulacca, Marigold, Petunia, Pansy, Verbena, Sweet Pea, Larkspur, Candytuft, Clarkia, Calliopsis, Love in a Mist, and Phlox Drummondii, which is one of the finest.

HARDY BIENNIALS. — Hollyhock, Foxglove, Rose Campion, Scarlet Lychins, Delphiniumete.

HARDY PERENNIALS.—Sweet-William, Columbine, Pink, Hollyhock, Pansy, Phlox, Dielytra, etc.

Mr. A. Reid, whose gardens are in Fourteenth Street, writes us: "The *D. Spectabilis* is one of the most valuable additions to our collection of hardy herbaceous plants lately introduced, and no flower-garden should be without it."

TUBEROUS ROOTED PLANTS.—Dahlia, of which there are numberless varieties, Iris, Everlasting Pea, Peony, Gladiolus Tuberose, etc.

For more extensive lists see Florists' Catalogues.

CLIMBING PLANTS.—Clematis, Wistaria, Trumpet Flower, Virginian Creeper, Climbing Rose, Honey-suckle, etc.

For brilliant effects we would ask attention to what are called *bedding out* plants, protected in green-houses or pits during winter, and transferred to the garden in spring. Among these we would mention Verbenas, Fuschias, Monthly Roses, Heliotropes, Feverfew, Salvia Splendens, *et cetera*.

CROP NEWS.

W. C. WITT, Athens, Tennessee, writes us: "The prospects of the wheat crop in Tennessee never were more flattering than at the present. An unusual quantity was sown last fall, and up to this time it shows signs of an abundant crop."

We sincerely hope farmers throughout the country will send us news about the crops.

SUNDAY MORNING.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1859, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

TRUMPS.

BY GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS.

CHAPTER IX.

A LEE-SHORE.

The door opened, and Hope Wayne entered. Mrs. Simcoe turned and looked at her without speaking. Hope's face was very grave. At length she said, as if with a repressed sob,

"Aunty"—she always called Mrs. Simcoe by that name—"I have just seen grandfather."

Mrs. Simcoe made no reply, but her kind, sober eyes were fixed on Hope's face.

"He sent for me, Aunty."

She stopped and looked at Mrs. Simcoe. That lady did not ask "What for?" she said only,

"Well."

Hope stood erect before her, looking at her with half-weary eyes for a few moments and then burst into tears.

"Oh, Aunty! I shall die if I stay in this place. I see nobody but grandpa and Dr. Peewee and the ladies who come to make stately calls. I know nobody. I have nothing to do. I am sick and sad and dreary. What shall I do? what shall I do?"

"My dear," replied Mrs. Simcoe, calmly, "have you not every thing you want?"

"Of course not, Aunty; you know I haven't."

"What do you wish that you do not have, my dear?"

"Society," stoutly replied the student of the loves of Conrad and Medora.

After a short pause Mrs. Simcoe repeated the word "so-ci-e-ty" in a prolonged way, as if she were tasting it—analyzing it—trying to discover what on earth such a word meant. "So-ci-e-ty," she repeated in a musing, absent manner, as if she were saying by rote and curiously a word in some foreign tongue.

"Why, yes, Aunty: society, why not?"

Mrs. Simcoe looked at her young companion with the same unchanging expression, and asked, at length,

"What is society, my dear?"

"Why, Aunty, what a question! You know as well as I. I mean young people. I want to see people as other girls do, and not be shut up in this old house like a princess in a tower."

"Well, Hope, don't you see the Misses Larkin, and Mrs. Kingo, and Miss Broadbraid, and the Sutlers, and Grabeaus, and—"

"Yes, yes, I see 'em all when I go visiting or when they come here. But I don't mean that. I mean young girls and—and—I mean young people," said Madame Hope, half blushing, and quite angry with herself when she remarked that Mrs. Simcoe's eyes were ruthlessly fixed upon the exquisite carnation that came flooding her cheek, which at that instant had all the creamy richness of the most rosily tinted shell.

"Very well," said Mrs. Simcoe, unchangeably, "there is your cousin Alfred."

Why did Mrs. Simcoe so suddenly change the sex of the so-ci-e-ty of which she was speaking? Hope had not done so. Hope had said nothing of Alfreds, or Henrys, or other names which do not belong to young people of her own sex.

"Cousin Alfred!" said she, with a short laugh. "Alfred Dinks! There's society! There's company for a solitary young woman! There's a fine hero who comes to Pinewood, and devotes all the time to the horses that he doesn't give to the dogs! Why, the last time he was here he found me one morning in the library reading. 'What on earth do you read for, Cousin Hope?' says Master Alfred—'I never do. I never read any book in my life but Botts on Dogs;' and away he went, as if he had said something good. Alfred Dinks is society for my dog Tib, not for me. And the youth thinks no girl can resist him!"

Miss Hope Wayne laughed a low laugh, as she thought of irresistible Cousin Alfred, who had the smallest foot in Boston, and for gloves, wore seven-and-a-halfs—lady's size, mind you, and large at that; who had been to Europe; had hunted rats in London; had known a young ballet-dancer in Paris; had seen a steeple-chase in Rome, and brought home six meerschaums from Vienna, each superbly culotted by his own smoking. The world was a squeezed orange to Cousin Alfred Dinks, who had read Botts on Dogs.

"My child, what can I do for you?"

Hope shook her head.

"It is right that you should want companionship," said Mrs. Simcoe. "I am an old woman, dear, but I know that it is natural for young women to dislike to be lonely. And yet, Hope, society may be worse than solitude."

The face with which she said these words was unspeakably grave. Its calmness was full of expression, if Hope could only have read it. But she looked at it as men look on Egyptian obelisks, hieroglyphed with hidden history.

Hope's heart sank again.

"My dear, it seems very hard to you now, but you will not always—perhaps you will not long remain here. We can not foresee change, but we know not what a day may bring forth. You will have what you wish quite as soon, perhaps, as you will be ready for it. You had better go down now, dear."

Hope turned and left the room. She ran down stairs, and through the conservatory at the back of the house into the garden. Wayward as the evening breeze, proud as the pine-trees that skirted the lawn, she roamed aimlessly here and there, but with the same quiet dignity that made her as lofty as a goddess—as inaccessible as a nun to the boys who went to church to worship her. She had no father—no mother. She lived alone in a great country-place with her grandfather, and a nurse who was also housekeeper. She had had teachers at home—recluse old scholars, decayed clergymen in shiny black coats, who taught her Latin, and looked at her through round spectacles, and, as they looked, remembered they were once young. She had had teachers of history, of grammar, of arithmetic—of all English studies. Some of these Mentors were weak-eyed fathers of ten children, who spoke so softly that their wives must have had loud voices; others were young college graduates, with low collars and long hair, who read with Miss Wayne in English literature, while Mrs. Simcoe sat knitting in the next chair. Then there had been the Italian music-masters, and the French teachers, very devoted, never missing a lesson, but also never missing Mrs. Simcoe, who presided over all instruction which was imparted by any Mentor under sixty. Old Christopher Burt had made up his mind fully to one thing: that Miss Wayne should enjoy every advantage that his money could buy for her, in order that she might, as he repeated many times to Mrs. Simcoe, properly grace the head of her husband's table.

But of all her teachers the young student preferred Lord Byron, who occupied a permanent situation upon the library shelf, and whose lessons the docile pupil learned by heart. The world that is denied to a passionate, proud nature, it will find in books, in imagination. And if it try to realize that world in life when experience has been withheld—! The workers at the celebrated manufactory of Sèvres find no difficulty, such is their subtle skill, in moulding the porcelain into the loveliest shapes, and in fashioning it to the most exquisite tenuity. The artists put on with enthusiasm and care those delicate tints that ravish the eyes of the connoisseur, as the eyes of the poet are enchanted by the hues of spring. Nothing is wanting. The porcelain itself seems to conspire with the art that makes it precious, with the skill of the artificers, with the pallet of the painters. The imperial master surveys the whole with satisfaction. He sends the most beautiful services to his trusty and well-beloved cousins, who are kings, emperors, princes, hereditary grand dukes, and serene potentates of every degree, and who are called by the grace of God to rule other countries precisely as he is called to rule his.

Did you ever hear of a grandpapa who took the Sèvres view of the world, of education, and of young women? Pure human clay to be exquisitely modeled, beautifully painted, to conspire with every art that develops and adorns, —and then: "My dear imperial contemporary and correspondent, permit me to offer you the accompanying cup, perhaps the finest specimen of our workmanship on record, for your illustrious son, grandson, or heir to drink his tea from. It is so transparent that you can look through it. It is so delicate that the jar of a breaking string upon your grandson's guitar will shiver it. Such ware, I need not add, is not to be purchased—only presented, like the finer Rhine wines of our excellent cousin, the Duke of Nassau. And so, right trusty, farewell."

Hope Wayne, of all her teachers, preferred Lord Byron; and as she walked restlessly about the garden she almost unconsciously began repeating some of the lines that always lay in her mind, like invisible writing, waiting only for the fire of a strong emotion to bring them legibly out. As she repeated them she came in front of the house to her favorite seat upon the lawn, which sloped toward the west, in which the light was still golden, but dim—

"Though the rock of my last hope is shivered,
  And its fragments are sunk in the wave;
Though I feel that my soul is delivered
  To pain, it shall not be its slave.
There is many a pang to pursue me;
  They may crush, but they shall not contemn;
They may torture, but shall not subdue me;
  'Tis of thee that I think, not of them."

At the same moment Mrs. Simcoe was closing her window high over Hope's head; and as she looked at the darkening landscape she was singing, in her murmuring way,

"I rest upon thy word;
  Thy promise is for me:
My succor and salvation, Lord,
  Shall surely come from thee.
But let me still abide,
  Nor from my hope remove,
Till thou my patient spirit guide
  Into thy perfect love."

CHAPTER X.

TWO RICHMONDS.

Gabriel Bennet had not been three times to hear Dr. Peewee before he entered church every Sunday with a nervous apprehension that the Burt carriage had already arrived, and that he had missed seeing Hope Wayne walk up the aisle. And every Sunday he was mistaken. Every Sunday the carriage was sure not to roll up until the bell had ceased tolling.

But although that was true of the last and all other Sundays, how could he be sure, when a new, bright Sunday came, that it would not be the very day of a change? The doubt, the uncertainty, the excitement, were all part of the delicious pain of his pleasure. For it had come to that. His young mind reveled in doubts. It fed and fattened upon apprehension.

When a boy remembers the color of a ribbon on a girl's bonnet as she sits in her pew at church, and has no recollection of the text, and only a contemptuous criticism of the sermon, profound students of human nature venture a shrewd suspicion, and find themselves, by a curious infelicity, beginning to repeat Milton's Lycidas—

"Yet once more——"

For the time of the singing of birds perpetually comes, and the voice of the turtle is heard ceaselessly in the land.

Hope Wayne was not unconscious of all the adoration she excited. If a swarm of schoolboys can not enter a country church without turning all their eyes toward one pew, is it not possible that, when a girl comes in and seats herself in that pew, the very focus of those burning glances, even Dr. Peewee may not entirely distract her mind, however he may rivet her eyes? Nay, is it not supposable that, as she takes her last glance at the Sunday toilet in her sunny dressing-room at home, and half turns to be sure that the collar is smooth, and that the golden curl nestles precisely as it should under the moss rose-bud that blushes modestly by the side of a lovelier bloom—is it not just supposable that she thinks, for a wayward instant, of other eyes that will presently scan that figure and face, and feels, with a half flush, that they will not be shocked nor disappointed?

There was not a boy in Mr. Gray's school who would have dared to dream that Hope Wayne ever had such a thought. When she appeared behind Grandfather Burt and the gold-headed cane she had no more antecedents in their imaginations than a rose or a rainbow. They no more thought of little human weaknesses and mundane influences in regard to her than they thought of cold vapor when they looked at sunset clouds.

During the service Hope sat stately in the pew, with her eyes fixed upon Dr. Peewee; nor did they close under his drowsiest exhortations. Grandpa Burt, at the head of the pew, nodded at intervals, sometimes in so desperate and undignified a manner that he recovered himself with a jerk, and then looked around indignantly and defiantly to see if any body was observing him, as people every where who go to sleep in church will do, if they are important personages in the parish. But it is always in vain; when you nod heavily the crown of dignity rolls off, tumbles on the ground, and is shattered.

Hope's eyes were fixed upon Dr. Peewee. Perhaps she did not hear what he said. Perhaps her heart did not look out of her eyes, but was busy with a hundred sweet fancies in which some one of those fascinated boys had a larger share than he knew. Perhaps when she covered her eyes in an attitude of devotion she did not thereby exclude all thoughts of the outer and lower world. Perhaps the good Being for whose worship they were assembled was no more displeased with the innocent reveries and fancies which floated through that pure young heart than with the soft air and sweet song of birds that played through the open windows of the church on some warm June Sunday morning.

But when the shrill-voiced leader of the choir sounded the key-note of the hymn-tune through his nose, and the growling bass viol joined in unison, while the congregation rose, and Dr. Peewee surveyed his people to mark who had staid away from service, then Hope Wayne looked at the choir as if her whole soul were singing; and Gabriel Bennet had a choking feeling as he gazed at her—an involuntary sense of unworthiness and shame before such purity and grace. He counted every line of the hymn grudgingly, and loved the tunes that went back and repeated and prolonged—the tunes endlessly *da capo*—while the hymns that he heard as he looked at her he never forgot.

But there were other eyes than Gabriel's that watched Hope Wayne, and for many months had watched her. The clustering black hair that shook and floated along the very first lines of this story covered a brain that worked with endless schemes, as it thought of the majestic maidenhood which inspired only awe and admiration in Gabriel's heart.

Handsome, passionate, with great black eyes, brilliant color, and strong manly figure, the son of a New York merchant, who spent all his income—as people used sometimes to do in New York, thirty and forty years ago—Abel Newt was one of the leaders in Mr. Gray's school.

Like every handsome, bold boy in every school, he had plenty of allies—perhaps they could hardly be called friends. He was, in fact, as such boys are, a petty despot. His word made a certain kind of law. If he exiled a boy from his favor, he was in a sort of disgrace. There was no formal accusation or trial, but a sentence was silently issued and executed, and it was respected.

Such reigns are like those of many kings. The subjects can easily fancy something better; but here this is, and what are you going to do? Here this is, and *item*, five hundred thousand soldiers; *item*, a police system; *item*, innumerable spies; *item*, prisons, foreign lands, and scaffolds. On the whole, is it worth while to make a bother? Every man likes his ease. You are not permitted, indeed, to say that twice two are four. Yes; but looked at practically, is it of the last importance that you should? Is it not of more practical use to wife and family, for example, that you should quietly cobble shoes at four shillings a patch—shillings convertible into superior roast-beef and dyspepsia bread—into a fragrant pipeful of tobacco and a moderate glass of wine—than that you should be turned out of the country, or out of the world, for the mere pleasure of stating a proposition? If you think

THE FAGGING QUESTION.

the statement to be true, in the name of peace—if that is what you want—think so, and hold your tongue!

Such was the rule of Abel Newt at Mr. Gray's. There was many a boy who thought with little Malacca, although, more prudently than he, he might not say it: "Abe gives me gingerbread; but I guess I don't like him!" If a boy interfered with Abe he was always punished. The laugh was turned on him: there was ceaseless ridicule and taunting. Then if it grew insupportable, and came to fighting, Abel Newt was strong in muscle and furious in wrath, and the recusant was generally pomelled.

Reposing upon this easy, conscious superiority, Abel had long worshiped Hope Wayne. They were nearly of the same age—she a few months the younger. But as the regulations of the school confined every boy, without especial permission of absence, to the school grounds, and as Abel had no acquaintance with Mr. Burt and no excuse for calling, his worship had been silent and distant. He was the more satisfied that it should be so, because it had never occurred to him that any of the other boys could be a serious rival for her regard. He was also obliged to be the more satisfied with his silent devotion because never, by a glance, did she betray any consciousness of his particular observation, or afford him the least opportunity for saying or doing any thing that would betray it. If he hastened to the front door of the church he could only stand upon the steps, and as she passed out she nodded to her few friends, and immediately followed her grandfather into the carriage.

There are girls enough, perhaps—or there were, a quarter of a century ago—who, from sympathy, or kindness, or some other humane and generous feeling, would at least have recognized the admiration they excited among thirty or forty boys, of all ages from fourteen or fifteen to twenty: and there might have been an occasional one, at the period of which we treat, who would have indicated her preference among that host of the faithful, either by a look, a word, or an offered chance to pick up a glove or a handkerchief, or by some other of those sweet and sufficient devices which it becomes no man to suppose unknown to every woman.

But Hope Wayne was of another kind. She knew the boys were there. From time to time she observed that new boys had arrived, that older ones had left. But how she discovered it, who shall say? For there was never one of Mr. Gray's boys who could honestly declare that he had seen Hope Wayne looking at either of the pews in which they sat. But so much is seen in this world without looking!—and so much looked at that is never seen!

CHAPTER XI.

HIS MAJESTY, ABEL NEWT.

ABEL had been a scholar of Mr. Gray's for several years. At a very early period of his pupilage he had comprehended his master, for a boy's instinct is as sure as that of a horse. The quadruped always knows whether he can safely jog on at his own pace or fling his rider, or whether he must do as the rider chooses. The biped is equally wise. He feels at once whether he can have his own head, or must yield to the bit of discipline, and the curb of character in the master. Abel careered at his own pleasure, but he had the good sense to allow nothing to be discovered against him which would compel Mr. Gray to expel him. For he preferred to rule his schoolmaster rather than serve his father.

"If there was ever an individual who knew Uncle Savory through and through, it is your humble—" thought Abel often, as he chuckled quietly to himself. He believed himself to be quite as shrewd as any body need be in this world. And shrewd he was — dangerously shrewd for a boy of eighteen. Perhaps he thought that skillful cunning was perception. Perhaps he thought that because spectacles help a near-sighted man to post his ledger, they also help him to study the stars. Perhaps he thought spectacles were as good as telescopes.

When Gabriel Bennet came to Mr. Gray's Abel did not like him. He laughed at him. He made the other boys laugh at him whenever he could. He bullied him in the play-ground. He used to propose to introduce fagging at Mr. Gray's. He praised it as a splendid institution of the British schools, simply because he wanted Gabriel as his fag. He wanted to fling his boots at his head for Gabriel to black. He wanted to send him down stairs in his shirt on winter nights. He wanted to have Gabriel get up in the cold mornings and bring him his breakfast in bed. He wanted to chain Gabriel to the car of his triumphal progress through school-life. He wanted to try to debase and degrade him altogether by the Oriental despotism of fagging.

"What is it," Abel exclaimed one day to the large boys assembled in solemn conclave in the school-room, "that takes all the boorishness and brutishness out of the English character? What is it that prevents the Britishers from being servile and obsequious—traits, I tell you, boys, unknown in England—but this splendid system of fagging? Did you ever hear of an insolent Englishman, a despotic Englishman, a surly Englishman, a selfish Englishman, an obstinate Englishman, a domineering Englishman, a dogmatic Englishman? Never, boys, never. These things are all taken out of them by fagging. It stands to reason they should be. If I shy my boots at a fellow's head, is he likely to domineer? If I kick a small boy who contradicts me, is he likely to be opinionated and dogmatic? If I eat up my fag's plum-cake just sent by his mamma, hot, as it were, from the maternal heart, and moist with a mother's tears, is that fag likely to be selfish? Not at all. The boots, and the kicking, and the general walloping make him manly. It teaches him to govern his temper and hold his tongue. I swear I should like to have a fag!" perorated Abel, meaning that he should like to be the holy office, and to have Gabriel Bennet delivered up to him for discipline.

Once Gabriel overheard this kind of conversation in the play-ground, as Abel Newt and some of the other boys were resting after a game at ball. There were no personal allusions in what Abel had said, and we have no right to suppose that Gabriel suspected any. But he took him up a little curtly:

"Pooh! Abel, how would you like to have Gyles Blanding shy his boots at your head?"

Abel looked at him a moment, sarcastically. Then he replied:

"My young friend, I should like to see him try it. But fagging concerns small boys, not large ones."

"Yes!" retorted Gabriel, his eyes flashing, as he kept tossing the ball nervously, and catching it. "Yes, that's the meanness of it: the little boy can't help himself."

"By golly, I'd kick!" put in Little Malacca.

"Then you'd be licked till you dropped, my little Sir," said Abel, sneeringly.

"Yes, Abel," replied Gabriel, "but it's precious mean for an American boy to want fagging."

Abel looked as if he should like to have the institution go into operation then and there.

"Not at all," he answered; "there are some young American gentlemen I know who would be greatly benefited by being well fagged; yes, made to lie down in the dirt and lick a little of it, and fetch and carry. And to be kicked out of bed every morning and into bed every night would be the very best thing that could happen to 'em. By George, I should like to have the kicking and licking begin now!"

Gabriel had the same dislike of Abel which the latter felt for him, but they had never had any open quarrel. Even thus far in the present conversation there had been nothing personal said. It was only a warm general discussion. Gabriel merely asked, when the other stopped,

"What good does the fagging do the fellow that flings the boots and bullies the little one?"

"Good?" answered Abel—"what good does it do? Why he has been through it all himself, and he's just paying it off—"

"Well, Abel," said Gyles Blanding, interposing, "you're a 'cute one! You say fagging makes a chap manly. It's high old manliness, 'pears to me, to bully a small boy. According to your own confession the fagging is a wrong, which the fag feels to be so, and pays off whenever he has a chance. Guy! I should like to see a John Bull try fagging at this school! I guess he'd find the boot was on t'other head!"

Abel smiled grimly.

"Well," said he, "I'm afraid I shall have to postpone my millennium of fagging. But I don't know what else will make men of you. And mark you, my merry men, there's more than one kind of fagging;" and he looked in a droll way upon the boys who had gathered around the talkers—a droll way that was not in the least funny, but made them all wonder what Abel Newt was up to now.

CHAPTER XII.

EXPERIMENTUM CRUCIS.

GABRIEL BENNET strolled away from Abel Newt's eulogy of fagging with no ardent affection for the orator, but with a confused feeling that stormy times were coming. As he walked on he loosened his neck in his collar. He thought it was very sultry. 'Twas only the fire in his blood. He felt as if he had seen a demon. So he had. He had seen the devil in Abel Newt's eye.

Before Gabriel Bennet showed his face at Mr. Gray's Abel was rocked in the most blissful security. His heart was at peace. All shall end happily. Yes; he had never spoken to her, but of course, in due season, Miss Hope Wayne shall become Mrs. Abel—

Bang! goes the sentinel's gun at midnight.

The sleeping, silent camp of a moment ago suddenly bristles with life. There is not a soldier who does not spring to arms. Rat-tat-tat! The drums are beating. The bugles are blowing. The men have a coat in one hand and a musket in the other. To arms! To arms! The enemy are down upon us! No more sleeping! No more dreaming! Fall in! Fall in! Crack! Whiz! "Into the jaws of Death; into the mouth of hell!"

"Pooh, pooh!" said Abel Newt to himself, "this boy is a child! He is fifteen years old; he is three years younger than I am, or she is. It is perfectly ridiculous, of course. Besides, how do I know that the little fool cares for her in the least? Pooh! Suppose he does! What the deuce do I care?" said he, inwardly raging, and longing to have somebody for a fag.

"The truth is, Gyles," said Abel to Blanding, "Gabriel Bennet's mother ought to come and take him home for the summer to play with the other calves in the country. People shouldn't leave their spoons about."

The two boys went in to tea.

In the evening, as the scholars were sitting in the dining-room, as usual, some chatting, some reading, others quite ready to go to bed,

"Mr. Gray," said Abel to Uncle Savory, who was sitting talking with Mrs. Gray, whose hands, which were never idle, were now busily knitting.

"Well, Abel."

"Suppose we have some game."

"Certainly. Boys, what shall we do? Let us see. There's the Grand Mufti, and the Elements, and My ship's come loaded with—and—well, what shall it be?"

"Mr. Gray, it's a good while since we've tried all calling out together. We haven't done it since Gabriel Bennet came."

"No, we haven't," answered Mr. Gray, as his small eyes twinkled at the prospect of a little fun. "No, we haven't. Now, boys, of course a good many of you have played the game before. But you, new boys—Dick Moultrie—attend! the thing is this. When I say three—*one, two, three!*—every body is to shout out the name of his sweet-heart. The fun is that nobody hears any thing, because every body bawls so loud. You see?" asked he, apparently feeling for his handkerchief. "Gabriel, before we begin, just run into the study and get my handkerchief."

Gabriel, full of expectation of the fun, ran out of the room. The moment he closed the door Mr. Gray lifted his finger and said:

"Now, boys! every body remain perfectly quiet when I say three."

It was needless to explain why, for every body saw the intended joke, and Gabriel returned instantly from the study saying that the handkerchief was not there.

"No matter," said Mr. Gray. "Are you all ready, boys. Now, then! *one, two, three!*"

As the word left Mr. Gray's lips, Gabriel, candid, full of spirit, jumped up from his seat with the energy of the effort, and shouted out at the top of his voice:

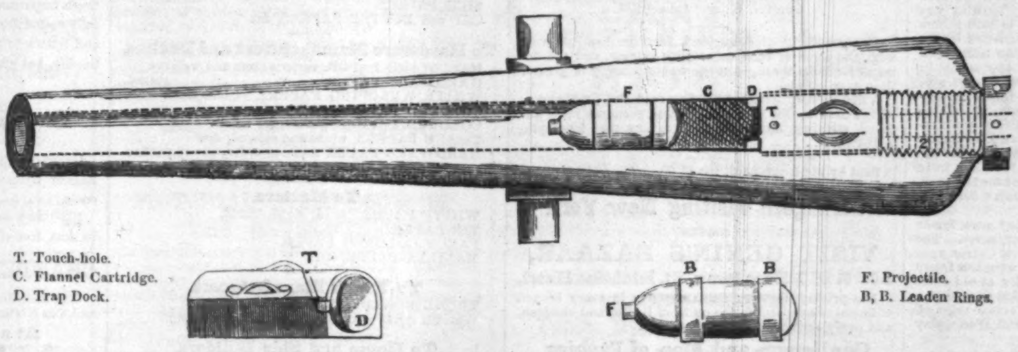
"Hope Wayne!"

—It was cruel. That name alone broke the silence, ringing out in enthusiastic music.

Gabriel's face instantly changed. Still standing erect and dismayed, he looked rapidly around the room from boy to boy, and at Mr. Gray. There was just a moment of utter silence, and then a loud peal of laughter.

Gabriel's color came and went. His heart winced, but not his eye. Young hearts are tender, and a joke like this cuts so deeply! He was humiliated, indignant, hurt. But just as he was about to yield, and drop the tell-tale tear of a sensitive, mortified boy, he caught the eye of Abel Newt. It was calmly studying him as a Roman surgeon may have watched the gladiator in the arena, while his life-blood ebbed away. Gabriel remembered Abel's words in the playground—"there's more than one kind of fagging."

When the laugh was over, Gabriel's had been loudest of all.



T. Touch-hole.
C. Flannel Cartridge.
D. Trap Dock.

F. Projectile.
B, B. Leaden Rings.

THE ARMSTRONG GUN.—[AFTER AN AUTHENTIC SKETCH.]

THE ARMSTRONG GUN.

WE give herewith a section of the Armstrong gun which is just now making such a noise in Europe. It is well known that of late years large amounts of money have been spent by the European Governments in experiments for the improvement of artillery. Hundreds of thousands of dollars have been thrown away in the construction of guns which were to have done every thing, but which in effect did nothing but burst on trial. Thus the Lancaster gun, which for a time was very popular, but which failed in sending its missiles straight; the Nasmyth gun; the Palmerston mortar; the Whitworth, the Fairbairn, the Wade, and other guns were abandoned after very costly experiments. Now at last it is said that the British Government has got what was wanted.

The story of the gun and its inventor is thus given by an English contemporary:

"Mr. W. G. Armstrong, a civil engineer of Newcastle-upon-Tyne, took out three patents in 1857-'58. One was for a mode of forming guns with an inner tube of wrought iron or gun-metal, surrounded by rings of wrought iron or gun-metal struck on hot. The gun was also breech-loading: by turning a screw, an opening was exposed through which a shell or shot and charge could be introduced, and the screw brought all up tight again in a very ingenious way. In another patent Mr. Armstrong devised a remarkable mode of aiming a gun *at night*, or in utter darkness: certain observations are to be made during daylight to determine the azimuth and altitude of the object to be aimed at; and then, by means of a graduated arc, and another simple contrivance, the proper pointing of the gun can be rediscovered at night. In the third patent two fuses are described, full of ingenuity—one to insure, almost to a second, the exact time that a shell shall explode after leaving the mortar; the other, to cause the shell to explode by concussion against any solid object. Now, two out of these three patents appear to have been stopped on their progress to the Great Seal, whereby the specifications have never been published. The inference is, that the Government made an arrangement for buying up the secrets with a view to ulterior purposes. There is also evidence that Mr. Armstrong has invented something very novel and important in the shape and constitution of a shell to be used with his gun; and also a shot, to attain great range without any bursting effect. Various facts on this subject were known to professional men and engineering manufacturers; but the month of February in the present year told the public something further on the subject. The dignified *Court Circular* announced that, at the first *levée* for the season, Mr. W. G. Armstrong received the honor of knighthood, and was presented to her Majesty on his appointment to a new office—a sort of chief engineer of a Rifled-ordnance Department. A day or two afterward, the announcement was made that General Peel, Secretary of State for War, accompanied Sir W. G. Armstrong to Woolwich, and officially inducted him into his new sphere of duty. About the same time the Newcastle newspapers told of a large new factory which is being built at Elswick near that town, by or for Sir W. G. Armstrong, and supposed to be intended for the manufacture of government guns, and shot and shells; but a tone of semi-mystery prevailed: either the journalists did not know more, or they would not tell. The latest phase has been a jubilation that a Newcastle civil engineer should be made a knight; and that military etiquette should have been broken through in order that 'the right man' might be put 'in the right place.'

Meanwhile the Government are trying hard to keep their secret. At Newcastle the plans and organization are known only to the persons concerned. At Shoebury what they *have* they will not show, and what they *know* they are chary in telling. At Woolwich, on the day when Sir W. G. Armstrong entered on his duties, one of his guns was tried, with all sorts of screens and contrivances for shielding it from the public eye; and an unfortunate artist (an *Illustrated* contributor, possibly) was mildly captured, and compelled to give up the sketch he was drawing. If this does not whet curiosity to the bursting-point, we shall be surprised. Already a scientific journal has given plans and sections of what the editor *believes* to be the construction of the Armstrong gun."

With regard to the gun itself the *Mechanic's Magazine* says:

"Instead of being cast like ordinary cannon—or formed of several longitudinal pieces, like the Whitworth cannon—or of a hooped or wire-bound tube, as proposed by Captain Blakely, Mr. Mallet, and others—the Armstrong gun is formed of an internal steel tube, bound over with strips of rolled iron laid on spirally, somewhat after the fashion of small-arm barrels, the alternate strips being laid in opposite directions, so that the joints may cross each other, or, in other words, so as to 'break joint.' This system of construction is, of course, expensive, but it gives great strength with a very small quantity of metal. The internal steel tube is rifled in a very peculiar manner. Instead of having two, three, or four grooves, like ordinary rifled guns—or being formed with an oval bore like that employed by Mr. Lancaster, or with a polygonal bore, as in the Whitworth system—it has a very large number of small grooves close to each other, no less than forty, we believe, in a gun of two and a half inches bore. The shot or shell Mr. Armstrong usually makes of cast-iron, of about three diameters in length, and covers it entirely over with thin lead, so that it may readily conform itself to the rifled interior of the bore when forced forward by the explosion of the charge. Provision for loading the gun at the breech is made by cutting a slot near the breech end down from the upper side into the bore, of a sufficient length to admit the elongated projectile and the charge of powder, and of a breadth slightly greater than the diameter of the bore. The bore itself is also slightly enlarged where it opens into the space formed by cutting out the slot, in order that the projectile and powder, after being lowered into the slot, may be easily pressed forward by hand or other means into the bore. In order to close the space formed by the slot after the gun is charged, a movable breech-piece is formed to fit into it, and is furnished with two handles, by means of which it may be lifted out and dropped into its place as required. This breech-piece has fitted to its front face a facet of copper, a portion of which projects slightly, so as to form a disk which, when the breech-piece is forced a little forward, will enter the bore behind the charge, and by its expansion at the moment of explosion prevent all escape of gas. The slight forcing forward of the breech-piece is effected by means of a strong screw passing in through the extreme breech end of the gun, and pressing against the rear end of the breech-piece. This screw is turned by a hand lever. The fore end of the breech-piece is bored out at the centre, the bore extending through the copper disk, and into this bore is placed at the time of loading a small discharging cartridge. The 'touch-hole,' or hole for the detonating plug, is formed in the breech-piece, passing down from its upper side into its bore; so that when the piece is to be discharged the detonating cap or plug is struck, the small discharging cartridge is thereby fired, and its fire is instantaneously communicated to the main cartridge in the bore of the gun itself. With his shells Mr. Armstrong uses a percussion fuse of his invention for causing the shell to burst on striking an object, in case the striking takes place before the time-fuse has operated. This percussion fuse has been already described in our pages, but may fitly be again referred to here. In a cylindrical case within the shell, Mr. Armstrong fixes a weight or striker, by means of a pin passing through it and the sides of the case. This pin is cut or broken by the shock which the projectile receives in the gun at the instant of firing, and the striker, being thus liberated, recedes to the rear end of the case, and there remains until the velocity of the shell is checked by coming into contact with some object. When this takes place the striker, not participating in the retardation of the shell, advances in the case, and causes a patch of detonating composition to be carried against a fixed point, which fires the composition and ignites the charge."

Chambers's Journal says:

"As to the results actually obtained, they seem to be marvelous in *range* and *accuracy*, not in the size of the missile thrown, for that has not been aimed at. There is rumor of *five miles* having been reached—of an Armstrong shot penetrating six feet into solid oaken beams placed one behind another—of a gun so light that two men can carry it, and yet that its shot shall reach a couple of miles—and of an accuracy of flight almost equaling that of an Enfield rifle.

"The Secretary of State for War has made an interesting communication to the House of Commons concerning the Armstrong gun. Compressed into as short a space as possible, it amounts to this: That the invention of this gun is regarded by the War-office as the most important of modern improvements in ordnance; that the weight of the gun is only one-third that of the common gun, relatively to the weight of the shot used; that the shell is so constructed as to act as solid shot, hollow shot, or charged shell, at pleasure; that with five pounds of powder one of these guns has sent a 32-pound shot more than five miles; that its accuracy is quite unprecedented among ordnance—the striking of an object at 1000 yards distance being almost an absolute certainty; and that the principle once admitted, it might be applied to guns of heavy battering-power, as well as to those for producing great range and accuracy of flight. The new works at Newcastle are being constructed under an arrangement which gives the Government a virtual control over them. As to the personal question, it appears that Sir W. G. Armstrong has withdrawn his patents in favor of the Government; that he has retired from the establishment at Newcastle; that he is to receive, spread over a series of years, a certain sum of money, partly as a purchase-price for the patents, partly as salary for filling the duties of his new office—Chief-engineer of Rifled Ordnance."

WEEKLY MARKET SUMMARY.

New York, *Saturday, April 23, 1859.*

The Wholesale Produce Markets have been quite heavy for Breadstuffs during the week. The receipts have been moderate, yet receivers have manifested considerable eagerness to sell, while buyers appeared reluctant to purchase more than they immediately required. Hence prices have been depressed....Cotton has been less sought, and has declined ⅛ c. per pound....Provisions have been unsettled, closing with a fair inquiry....Coffee, Teas, Sugars, and Molasses have been in better demand, as also have Hay, Naval Stores, and Tobacco ....Rice has attracted less attention....Wool has been quiet, in private. The auction sale on Thursday was unattractive, spiritless, and unsatisfactory to both sellers and buyers, the former having been disappointed by the tame competition and low prices, while the latter were dissatisfied with the arbitrary action of the sellers in withdrawing or bidding in all that was really desirable ....A slightly improved demand, mainly from the near-by trade, prevailed for Domestic Dry Goods, while Foreign Fabrics were partially neglected. Prices were essentially unchanged. The value of the week's imports of Dry Goods has been $1,748,473 against $304,888 the same week last year. The imports since January 1 have been $38,211,072 against $16,399,276 same time last year. The movements in other commodities have not been productive of any remarkable changes.

The Live Stock Markets last Wednesday were firmer for Beeves, the supply of which was less extensive. The demand was good....Milch Cows and Veal Calves were in limited request....Sheep and Lambs were less freely offered, and were moderately inquired for at old rates ....Swine were dull and heavy, though not so plenty.

The range of prices according to the actual sales of Live Stock at the leading City Markets last Wednesday was as follows:

Ordinary to Premium Beeves, per pound	$ 9¼	@	$ 13
Fair to good Milch Cows, per head	30 00	@	45 00
Veal Calves, per pound	4½	@	6½
Sheep and Lambs, per head	3 00	@	7 50
" " per pound	5	@	8
Live Swine	5	@	6¼
Dressed "	7	@	8¼
Roasting Pigs, each	1 00	@	2 00

The Country Produce Markets have been generally dull during the week.

Wholesale Prices obtained by Producers at Washington Market.

Apples, per barrel	$3 00	@	$7 00
Dried Apples, per pound	7½	@	9
Dried Peaches, peeled	12	@	16
Pineapples, per 100	1 00	@	2 25
Potatoes, per barrel	1 12	@	2 25
Potatoes, new	4 50	@	—
Potatoes, sweet	3 50	@	4 50
Onions	2 75	@	3 50
Turnips	1 00	@	1 25
Parsnips	1 00	@	1 25
Beets	1 00	@	—
Carrots	1 00	@	—
Cabbage, per 100	3 50	@	7 00
Cranberries, Eastern, per barrel	11 00	@	15 00
Pumpkins, new, per 100	20 00	@	40 00
Garlic, per 100 bunches	4 50	@	5 00
Green Peas, per barrel	6 00	@	7 00
Eggs, N. Y. and N. J., per dozen	13	@	14
Chickens, per pound	12	@	15
Fowls	12	@	15
Geese	10	@	12
Turkeys	14	@	17
Ducks	16	@	18
" black, per pair	50	@	62
" widgeon	50	@	—
" Brant, per pair	1 00	@	1 25
" gray	50	@	—
" redheads	75	@	1 00
Pigeons, per dozen	1 00	@	2 00
Wild Pigeons	1 50	@	1 75
Partridge, per pair	62	@	75
English Snipe	40	@	50

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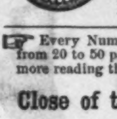

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